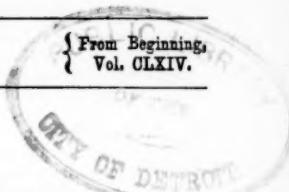


# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## KING AILILL'S DEATH.

From the Early-Middle Irish, Book of Leinster,  
fo. 214a (=facsimile, p. 303), col. 2.

I KNOW who won the peace of God —  
The old king Ailill of the Bann,  
Who fought beyond the Irish sea  
All day against a Connaught clan.

The king was routed. In the flight  
He muttered to his charioteer,  
"Look back: the slaughter, is it red?  
The slayers, are they drawing near?"

The man looked back. The west wind blew  
Dead clansmen's hair against his face.  
He heard the war-shout of his foes,  
The death-cry of his ruined race.

The foes came darting from the height  
Like pine-trees down a swollen fall.  
Like heaps of hay in flood, his clan  
Swept on or sank — he saw it all,

And spake, "The slaughter is full red,  
But we may still be saved by flight."  
Then groaned the king, "No sin of theirs  
Falls on my people here to-night.

"No sin of theirs, but sin of mine,  
For I was worst of evil kings,  
Unrighteous, wrathful, hurling down  
To death or shame all weaker things.

"Draw rein, and turn the chariot round.  
My face against the foemen bend.  
When I am seen and slain, mayhap  
The slaughter of my tribe will end."

They drew, and turned. Down came the foe.  
The king fell cloven on the sod.  
The slaughter then was stayed, and so  
King Ailill won the peace of God.\*

WHITLEY STOKES.

\* A rough draft of this translation appeared in *Ster's Magazine* for June, 1861.

## OLD AGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPECTATOR.]

SIR, — "The falling away of the personal horizon" is an expression used by your last correspondent which recalls some beautiful lines, written and read by the Reverend Dr. George Croly, the author of "Salathiel," at a private dinner given by the late William Tooker, F.R.S., in 1859: —

What is Youth? a bold gamester! who stakes  
against Fate,  
At a table of swindlers in Church or in State;  
He flings his last venture for fortune and fame,  
To find one a *cheat*, and the other a *name*.

With despair in his heart, and disdain in his  
eye,  
He turns from the table, and turns but to die.  
He's the eagle no more; he now envies the  
wren,  
And pines for the peace of the Threescore and  
Ten.  
When the Sun pours the splendors of noon on  
our eyes,  
Those splendors but veil the true pomp of the  
skies;  
'Tis but when he sinks in the surges of Even,  
That we see in its grandeur the star-studded  
heaven.  
The horizon of life thus grows clearer by years;  
Man is freed from his fever of hopes and of  
fears;  
What was storm in the mountain, is calm in  
the glen,  
And he feels the true joys of the Threescore  
and Ten.

Spectator.

## HYLAS.

WHAT pool is this by galingale surrounded  
With parsley and tall iris overgrown?  
It is the pool whose wayward nymphs con-  
founded  
The quest of Heracles to glut their own  
Desire of love. Its depths hath no man  
sounded  
Save the young Mysian argonaut alone,  
When round his drooping neck he felt, as-  
tounded,  
The cruel grasp that sank him like a stone.  
Through all the land the Hero wandered, cry-  
ing  
"Hylas!" and "Hylas!" till the close of day,  
And thrice there came a feeble voice replying  
From watery caverns where the prisoner lay;  
Yet to his ear it seemed but as the sighing  
Of zephyrs through the forest far away.

E. C. LEFROY.

## WHEN AUTUMN'S LEAVES.

(Translated from the Italian of Steccetti, by  
Baroness SWIFT.)

WHEN Autumn's leaves have fallen, and thou  
dost lie  
To seek my cross down in the churchyard  
alone,  
In some deserted nook shalt see it lie,  
And flow'rets sweet o'er it will then have  
grown;

Oh, pull them to adorn thy golden hair,  
Those flow'r's born of my heart. I ween they  
were  
The poems that I thought, but never sung,  
The words of love, ne'er uttered by my tongue.  
La Mira, November 11, 1884.

From The Contemporary Review.  
ANCIENT PALESTINE AND MODERN EXPLORATION.

LINE by line and touch by touch the picture of ancient Palestine is being drawn, and in proportion as it grows in finish and begins to stand out on the canvas, public attention is the more attracted to it.

The results of Palestine exploration are in harmony with the true scientific spirit, because, on the one hand, they are based on actual and special information, collected without reference to any theory and free from suspicion of any tendency; and, on the other, because they depend on that comparative method whereby all our greatest results in science have been gained. The main object has been to provide ample, accurate, and recent information as to the country, its architecture, topography, fauna, flora, and geology, and as to the social peculiarities (race, dress, customs, manners, language, and employments) of the various dwellers in that Holy Land of the Hebrew and the Christian, which is the theatre of the events recorded in the Old and New Testaments. But it is not merely by visiting and measuring ruins, photographing peasants, executing surveys, and collecting specimens and inscriptions that results of general interest are to be obtained. The explorer must be a student as well; he must be in cordial communication with all other students with whom he may be able to communicate; he must know what others have done and are doing, and what he may fairly expect to find in the places he visits — where to look, in short, and what to seek. The results for which such a student hopes are not always those which the public expects; but if the Palestine explorers have not brought back the ark from Jerusalem, the golden calves from Bethel, Ahab's ivory palace, or Samson's coffin, their claims to the public confidence are not thereby weakened; for it is by that which they have *not* discovered, quite as much as by that which they have, that real students will judge the value of the work which they offer for general use.

But, still more, it is by a comparative system only that really important conclu-

sions may be reached. The Egyptologist and the Assyriologist may perhaps be unwilling to allow the Syriologist, as he may be called, an equal footing with themselves. Their own discoveries have, perhaps, been more numerous, more important historically, and founded on more difficult and arduous study than those of the explorers of Palestine and of Syria. Yet there can be no doubt that this will not be the view of the general public, and, indeed, the fact is confessed in the manner of appeal to that public adopted by the students of Assyrian and Egyptian antiquities. To Englishmen generally the results of these researches are interesting, not so much in themselves as in reference to the light thereby thrown on the study of the Bible and of Hebrew antiquities in general. It is most important for the student of Syrian antiquities to be fully aware of the work which is being done in these other departments of research. Nor can he feel that he thoroughly understands the Jews of the Talmudic period till he has penetrated to their land of exile — has become familiar with the ideas of Medes and Persians, with Zendic literature, and even with Esthonian folk-lore, not less than with the pre-Islamite Arabs of the Hejaz, and with the mixed Greco-Turkish populations of Cyprus and Asia Minor.

It is for this reason that hasty journeys, undertaken by travellers not familiar with the real problems to be solved in Syria, have as yet led only to very meagre results. Here and there a lucky find may fall to the share of one whose knowledge is hardly sufficient to enable him to appreciate its value; but if the study of Palestine antiquities is to attain to the level of true science, it can only be through the combined efforts of properly instructed explorers working in harmony with their fellow-laborers and students of the East.

During the last four years there has been considerable activity in the work of exploration and in the study of Syrian antiquities, and the results now begin very evidently to affect the critical examination of the Scriptures and the primary instruction of our schools. The work has not been confined to the action of the

Palestine Exploration Fund, although this society has been the centre round which it is grouped. Individual efforts have largely contributed to the increase of our knowledge, and the members of the Biblical Archæological Society have also not been idle. As regards the work of the first-named society, we have received since 1881 seven stout quarto volumes full of plans, sketches, and detailed descriptions. Five of these relate to the survey of western Palestine, one contains a valuable account of the fauna and flora of the Holy Land, by Canon Tristram; and the last is devoted to an account of twenty years of exploration in Jerusalem, with papers in addition on the history of the city and on its existing monuments. The great work thus completed forms the basis of a true scientific study of Palestine antiquities; but the most valuable results are perhaps still in the future, when this mass of information has been well sifted and summarized. In addition to this work, we have the survey of eastern Palestine, inaugurated in 1881, which has already yielded important results as yet lying hidden in manuscript plans and notes which the society should strive to produce as soon as possible; for though the district examined was small, the amount of information collected was larger and more interesting than any which they have as yet published relating to western Palestine. Accounts of the exploration of the Hebron Haram by the officers accompanying the royal princes in 1882, and the reconnaissance of Sinai and southern Palestine, with a view to the settlement of geological questions, undertaken by Professor Hull for the society in 1883, are also among the more recent publications of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

The Biblical Archæological Society has turned its attention to the so-called Hittite question, which promises results of great interest in the future; and the Egyptian Exploration Fund has employed M. Naville, the well-known Swiss antiquarian, to dig in the Delta, with the interesting result that he has identified Pithom, thus casting important light on the Exodus route. In addition to these labors, the

publication of Dr. Isaac Taylor's "History of the Alphabet" marks an important advance in our knowledge of epigraphy which will assist future students of this great subject to assign due value to their discoveries, while the Harkavy manuscripts of the prophets may well be expected to yield new critical results, especially if they should prove to be older than the earliest existing manuscripts as yet known of the Hebrew Scriptures; and the discovery of the valuable tractate called "Teaching of the Apostles," in Turkey, shows that even in early Christian literature new and important discoveries may yet be possible.

In individual discoveries the general reader may feel little interest. There are some who do not care where Succoth was, and think it of little importance in what character the kings of Judah wrote their inscriptions. Yet such general readers do feel a constantly growing interest in the general question as to the results of all those inquiries which bear on the Bible literature. There are questions connected with the Bible on which exploration throws no light, and aspects with which the antiquarian has little to do. The naïve question, which the explorer has often to answer, "Do your discoveries go to prove that the Bible is true?" beokens a somewhat vague habit of thought and speech, and is one which cannot properly be answered in a single word. It cannot but be felt, however, that exploration has resulted in disposing of many crude objections to the Bible narrative. It has explained very many difficulties, it has shown some curious expressions and episodes to be perfectly correct from an Oriental point of view. It has given a true coloring to our understanding of the Hebrew Scriptures, and has shown that the historic facts of such books as Kings or Chronicles with the geography of Joshua and of the New Testament are genuine and reliable, and that they can be checked by incidental notices in the history of Assyria or of Egypt, in monuments yet legible in Syria or Moab, in the ruins and ancient nomenclature still remaining in the Holy Land. From a purely human standpoint, which regards the Scriptures as ancient literature, exploration has be-

yond doubt done great service in destroying error, and in showing how hasty and crude are many of the views and objections of theorists who have written against the Bible. Huge libraries of controversy have been swept away when the spade of the excavator has dug up the truth.

Let us glance, then, at the picture of ancient Palestine which has been thus recovered; and first let us consider what the country resembled in the early ages when it rose from the sea as dry land. Professor Hull, after visiting the East, and after studying the conclusions of Lartet and other writers who had previously treated of Palestine geology, draws the following sketch of the pre-human history of the country:—

The whole of Palestine, and the greater part of the Sinaitic peninsula, was upheaved, Professor Hull tells us, from the sea, during the Miocene period. The chalk, the nummulitic limestone, and other beds which now form the chains of Lebanon and the backbone of the Holy Land, were before this time the floor of the ocean. When these chains were elevated, the great crack or fault, to which all geologists who have visited these regions attribute the formation of the deep Jordan valley, was the result of the shearing of the strata, which left the wall of Moab standing up, while the slopes on the west of the valley slid down beneath the sea level. A pluvial period followed, when glaciers covered the mountains, and a chain of great lakes extended from Hermon to the Dead Sea, the existence of which has now been long demonstrated by various observations. The climate resembled that of Great Britain as now existing, with an abundant rainfall; but the volcanoes of Bashan and the volcanic lakes found in western Galilee in 1872 were then in active movement, continuing as late as the Post-Pliocene period. Gradually, as the climatic conditions changed, the lakes of the Jordan valley, and those found by Sir C. Wilson and Professor Hull in Sinai, dried up, until in our own times they have dwindled down to the smaller sheets of the Merom and Tiberias Lakes, with the present Dead Sea, the surface of which is twelve hundred and

ninety-two feet lower than the Mediterranean level. The naturalist who would explain how the delicate sun-birds, who now inhabit this tropical valley, came to find a home separated by great tracts of uncongenial desert from their fellows in Africa, would add an important detail to this picture of gradually changing climate, which converted a glacial Palestine into the sub-tropical region of our own times.

But while thus glancing at the geological history of Palestine, we must be careful not to confuse geological and historical time. Professor Hull is of opinion that the Jordan valley lakes were separated from the Gulf of Akabah already as early as Miocene times, and this view is fully confirmed by the observations of previous explorers. The watershed which divides the Dead Sea from the Red Sea was shown, by observations taken during the professor's tour, to rise to a level of about six hundred feet above the Mediterranean, and this observation was of value in two ways: first, as showing the chimerical nature of the scheme which lately found favor with many, of making a Jordan Valley Canal to connect the Gulf of Akabah with the Mediterranean; and secondly, as showing clearly that the views already held by competent writers were correct, and that the Dead Sea already existed in Abraham's time in much the same condition as at present. Josephus believed that the cities of the plain were still to be found in his own times at the bottom of the Dead Sea; but such an idea, though it still commends itself to the fancy of some writers, has been conclusively proved by geological examination to be destitute of foundation in fact.

Great changes have, nevertheless, occurred even within historic times, in the regions under consideration. F. Delitzsch has carefully collected the evidence which shows that the length of the Euphrates and Tigris has increased about one hundred miles since the dawn of history, the head of the Persian Gulf having been filled by the mud brought down by these and other rivers from the plateaux of Kurdistan and of Persia. In the same way the Egyptian Delta has been steadily growing since Memphis was founded—

probably in a bay of the Mediterranean — until its ruins are now more than a hundred miles inland; and it has been shown, by aid of the observations taken by engineers, since the making of the Suez Canal, that the Isthmus of Suez is now much broader than it was in the time of Moses. At the date of the Exodus, Kantarah, now fifty miles inland, was probably on the shores of the Mediterranean, while the Bitter Lakes and Lake Timsah formed the head of the Gulf of Suez. The choking of the Nile mouth, now called Wady Tumeilat, and the gradual rise of the shores of the Red Sea, account for the change, which is important in connection with the story of the crossing of the Red Sea. Professor Hull seemed inclined at one time to suggest that Africa was an island, and the Isthmus of Suez non-existent in the days of Moses, but further consideration has induced him to follow the opinion of previous writers, in supposing an isthmus reaching from Ismailiah (probably to Kantarah), which appears to have been formed earlier than the earliest historic period of which we have any record.

From the Miocene to the pre-historic period is a great step in time, but one which we have few means of bridging over. The earliest tribes of which we have any notice in Syrian history are those which Abraham found in possession of the land. It might, perhaps, appear hopeless to expect that any contemporary records concerning these tribes should exist outside the pages of the Old Testament. Yet for the last twenty years the Egyptologists have been in possession of facts which prove the contrary, although it is only within the last few years, through the energy of Professor Sayce and other students, that the British public in general has become aware of the fact. We may mention the Hittites, the Phoenicians, and the Amorites, as the earliest inhabitants of Syria and Palestine of whose existence we have monumental evidence extant. For the last twenty years Egyptologists have been aware of the importance of the Hittites as a dominant race in northern Syria. Chabas was among the first to point out that they spoke a language apparently not Semitic. They had also scribes, and, consequently, were able to write, and their civilization and political importance were such as to place them on an equal footing with the Egyptians in the fourteenth century B.C. From pictures of this period we know that the Hittites were a light-colored, hairless race, who wore

pig-tails, and indeed approached the Tatars in appearance; and it may in the end be found that they were a branch of the old Accadian race which peopled Chaldea, whose language has been shown by Lenormant and others to be akin to the Finnish.

The suggestion that the curious Syrian hieroglyphs found at Hamath and Aleppo, and further north at Carchemish, and in various parts of Asia Minor, are of Hittite origin, was first hazarded by Dr. Wright, and was independently advocated by Professor Sayce in 1880. These hieroglyphs are still unread, and it cannot be too distinctly stated that until we know in what language they are written and what they really contain, we cannot say with confidence with whom they originated. The reading of the Syrian hieroglyphics is one of the great problems of Oriental scholarship still awaiting its Champollion or its George Smith, and however probable the suggestion may be that these monuments are due to the Hittites, who without doubt dwelt in Syria, in Mesopotamia, and in Asia Minor, the attempts as yet made to treat the question of their interpretation are hardly to be considered safer than those made to read Egyptian or Cypriote before the key was discovered to its real meaning. The civilization of the Hittites appears, however, to have been closely connected with that of Egypt, and, so numerous are the signs common to the supposed Hittite and Egyptian hieroglyphs, that we can hardly think the coincidence to be accidental, and, when the key at length is found, we may expect to obtain great assistance in reading these new texts from our knowledge of Egyptian signs on the one hand, and of the language of the Accadians on the other. Meantime, we cannot be too cautious in the conclusions we draw from the very meagre materials as yet in our possession with respect to the Hittites.

An interesting and valuable work called "The Empire of the Hittites" has just been published by Dr. Wright. In it the reader will find summarized all the information already collected which is diffused through the works of De Rougé, Chabas, G. Smith, Brugsch, Mariette, and in the later publications of Professor Sayce and Mr. Rylands. Dr. Wright does not refer to the early papers of Chabas on the subject, published in 1866, but most of the results of this scholar's work were adopted by Dr. Brugsch. To the plates already published by the Biblical Archaeological Society Dr. Wright adds a long text by Professor Ramsay, and several other valu-

able drawings; and he has, moreover, written a most graphic account of his expedition to Hamath in 1872, when he succeeded, where all before had failed, in getting a true copy of the famous inscribed stones here found by Burckhardt early in the century.

To Dr. Wright's book two chapters are added by Professor Sayce concerning the reading of the texts. The conclusion that the hieroglyphs found in Syria and Asia Minor by Burckhardt, G. Smith, Professor Ramsay, Dr. Gwyther, Professor Sayce, and others, and even as far north as the Halys, as far west as Smyrna, and on the east round Aleppo, are of Hittite origin, is accepted by Dr. Isaac Taylor and by several safe authorities; but — with deference be it said — it is not yet proven, however probable. The discovery that the boots of the figures which really represent Hittites at Karnak are turned up like the boots of the figures on the monuments with Syrian hieroglyphs is the latest and perhaps most valuable item of evidence as yet collected by Professor Sayce; but as a rule the figures approach much more closely to the Semitic work of Phœnicians and Babylonians than to the representation of beardless, pig-tailed warriors given by Rosselini from the great bas-reliefs of the battle of Kadesh at Karnak (which have by-the-by not found a place in Dr. Wright's otherwise exhaustive work), and it is well known that Syria in the fourteenth century B.C. had a mixed population, Semitic and non-Semitic; while the local deities, Set, Kadesh, and Ashtoreth, mentioned in connection with the Hittites, were all Semitic. It is evident, then, that until the language in which the inscriptions of Syria are written has been really determined, and found to be, like that of the Hittites, non-Semitic, we are as yet not able to say with certainty that the texts are Hittite or Turanian. The opinion of great authorities at present favors this supposition, which is *prima facie* probable — this is the utmost that can be safely said; but meantime the careful collection of authentic information — though it might be supplemented by further details from Rosselini and Chabas, and though it should be clearly understood that the Kheta or Hittites were known to the Egyptologists twenty years ago, and have not been newly discovered within the last few years — renders Dr. Wright's work a valuable contribution to Oriental archaeology.

The Hittites and their hieroglyphs are not, however, the only relics of the earli-

est Syrian races. The survey of Moab resulted in the examination of various great centres of rude stone monuments erected by an illiterate race at an early period; and a study of the distribution of these remains and of the incidental notices of menhirs, stone circles and stone altars, of the Canaanites, in the Old Testament, seems clearly to indicate that the Syrian dolmens, circles, and menhirs were originally erected by the nations which Israel conquered and dispossessed. The injunctions of the author of Deuteronomy, put in force by the later kings of Judah, included the destruction of these monuments; and we find that while in the region beyond Jordan, where the kings of Judah were powerless, the dolmens yet remain intact, they have entirely disappeared in those districts which were visited by the iconoclastic Josiah and the priests of Jehovah. Thus, while among the Hittites we have evidence of early civilization in Syria, we have evidence also of the existence of other tribes whose rites must have closely resembled those of the Druids in our own lands, including human sacrifice, which, as can be conclusively proved, remained a common custom throughout Syria to a late historic period. It is very remarkable, as a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* points out, that one of the great dolmen centres is close to the probable site of the Mizpah where Jephthah lived, and where he sacrificed his daughter, in fulfilment of his rash vow, an episode which has its parallel in Greece in the story of Iphigeneia.

The study of Phœnician archaeology is yet another most important department of Syriology. The work of Gesenius, Movers, Renan, and others in this direction, still remains to be completed. Hitherto we have suffered, first, from the zeal of those who saw in Phœnicia the origin of all European civilization; and, secondly, from misconceptions due to seeing the facts through the medium of Greek misrepresentations. Much also in Phœnicia is of very late date, belonging to a period of decadence under classic influence. This was the age of many Phœnician antiquities discovered by Renan; and the religion of the Phœnicians must be judged by better information than that contained in the perverted accounts of Philo of Byblos. New light is, however, being continually shed on the civilization and history of this most interesting race. From Egypt we obtain details as early almost as the time of Moses; and in Phœnician seals and gems we discover that curious

mixture of Assyrian and Egyptian art which we should expect to find among a people commercially connected with the two great centres at Memphis and at Nineveh.

The researches of Dr. Isaac Taylor, founded on the long neglected discovery of De Rougé, have clearly shown to us the natural birth of that great Phœnician alphabet which is the parent of every form of European writing, and of the scripts of Persia, Bactria, Arabia, and India as well. We now know that by simplifying the hieratic syllabaries used in their trading negotiations with Egypt, the Phœnicians constructed the alphabet which the Greeks and the Arameans borrowed from them, and which spread at least as early as 800 B.C. (and in all probability much earlier) over the whole of Palestine, and even to the deserts of Moab.

The old objections to the antiquity of the Hebrew Scriptures, which were founded on the supposition that writing was unknown until about the time of Peisistratos (550 B.C.), have thus been swept away forever; and the newer argument representing the Hebrews as inferior in civilization even to the Moabites, which was founded on the discovery of the Moabite stone, has shared the same fate since the recovery at Jerusalem itself of a beautifully graven text (the Siloam inscription) in six lines, dating probably from the time of Hezekiah, and showing us both the character employed and the language used by Israel in the time of the kings of Judah before the captivity.

The discovery of this important inscription teaches us that we need not despair of finding monumental evidence of Hebrew historic events within the limits of the Holy Land itself. As yet, we have only two monuments, although a tomb with a short inscription in letters like those of the Siloam text was found in 1873 by the English survey party in the Jordan valley; but who shall say that nothing remains to be found under the ruins of Jerusalem or in Damascus or elsewhere in Palestine, now that we know the Hebrews to have engraved on stone like the Phœnicians and other neighboring peoples?\*

\* The Phœnician text mentioned by M. Clermont Ganneau, in a recent letter to the *Times*, as discovered by himself in the village of Silwan, must not be confused with the Siloam inscription. M. Ganneau's inscription is unpublished, and it appears to be entirely illegible from its age and the action of the weather. It is now in the British Museum, but is unfortunately of little value on account of its condition.

A great deal has also of late been done in the study of the later characters used by the scribes after the captivity. The surveyors have added more than one inscription to those already known, and M. Clermont Ganneau, to whom we owe a valuable Phœnician text from Cyprus, has made an interesting collection of sepulchral graffiti from Jaffa and Jerusalem, some of which may be as early as the first and third centuries A.D. The surveyors have also found in Moab Nabathean texts, which offer new forms of great importance to the history of the alphabet. Such knowledge, while, on the one hand, it at once enables the student to detect such frauds as the notorious Shapira MS. of Deuteronomy, will, on the other, enable him to set a date upon really valuable texts, like the Harkavy MS. of the prophets, which may prove to be the earliest text of any part of the Old Testament yet found — the tattered fragments of the earliest previously known MSS. (the unpointed texts of St. Petersburg) being at earliest not older than the seventh century. The use of vowel points began about 570 A.D., and the newly found MS. might therefore be supposed to be earlier than that time, but the forms of the letters used, together with the absence of final forms, would seem to indicate the seventh century A.D. as the earliest possible age of the newly found copy from Rhodes, deciphered by Dr. Harkavy.

Dry as such researches may be in themselves, the general reader will be interested to glance at the slow but steady accumulation of sound knowledge in such matters, and especially if he is aware how meagre are still our materials for critical examination of the Bible. The doctrines of the youngest German school, depending mainly on an exegesis which is not alone sufficient to carry conviction, will assuredly be found in many instances both fanciful and unscientific when they are weighed in the balances of a knowledge firmly based on a true comparative study of Hebrew antiquities.

But it is not merely through the recovery of ancient sites, ancient monuments, and ancient writings, that material is to be collected for the advancement of learning. We have living commentaries to study in the East; we have the descendants of Hittites and Canaanites, with Oriental Jews and other ancient stocks, from whose manners and dress, language and superstitions, we have much to learn. The student of literary Arabic lays down

grammatical rules as to that rich but guttural language, which to himself, in his study among his folio lexicons, appear to be immutable laws. The explorer who lives among the peasantry from year to year, and who watches their life and hears them speak almost in the very tongue which poets and prophets used in the days of Isaiah and in the time of Christ, thinks little of the fictions of the grammarian when he can penetrate to the very heart and genius of the language. Much has been done, but yet more remains to be accomplished, in carrying out this comparison between the sturdy Syrian stocks of our own days and the energetic races, Phoenician or Hebrew, Hittite or Accadian, of the earliest Asiatic history. The folk-lore of the pure Arab tribes, the peasant customs of the fellahs, the secret rites of the pagans of north Syria, handed down from the times of the Assassins and of the secret societies of Islam and of Persia, dating back to the orgies of Cybele, the Dionysian mysteries, the old Tammuz worship of Phoenicia, and the sacred libations and May-poles of Chaldea,—all these survivals of paganism interest to the utmost the student of ancient religion, and cast new light on many an obscure passage in the Talmud or the Targums, and not less on the books of the Old and New Testament.

But there is a danger which is ever to be guarded against—natural to the student of these early civilizations—the danger of forgetting the lapse of centuries, and of overlooking the history of the country he studies. There was a time when the recovery of a drafted stone was sufficient evidence in the eyes of a traveller that he had found a Hebrew or Phoenician ruin; there was a time when Stonehenge was supposed to be a Phoenician temple, and the bronze celts of Norway to be of Phoenician manufacture. The work of the Palestine Exploration Fund has been important, not only on account of a few genuine discoveries of primary importance, but also because of the destruction of a great mass of hasty and unfounded assertions which clogged the wheels of true progress. Those who have worked for the society have not striven after the sensational. Men like Sir C. Wilson and Sir C. Warren have set truth and permanency before effect and popularity; and, however arduous be the way which leads to knowledge, it may safely be predicted that the work done in Palestine will outlast many brilliant theories and many popular delusions. The study of the

ruins of Palestine shows us that, with the exception of the Tyrian tombs, the Hebrew sepulchres, the great rampart walls at Jerusalem and Hebron, and the dolmens of Moab, Gilead, and Galilee, we have as yet nothing that can with certainty be ascribed to a period older than the Christian era. We have a few relics of the Herodian period, we have magnificent Roman work of the second century, we find synagogues in Galilee of the same period, and countless chapels and monasteries of the Byzantine centuries. Rather later, we find in Jerusalem, Damascus, Amman, and elsewhere, some of the oldest Moslem buildings in the world; and then suddenly the Gothic work of the Normans rises throughout the land, eclipsing in strength and beauty all previous efforts, and covering Palestine with castles, cathedrals, and burghs. Norman law supersedes all other, and Norman society replaces the purely Oriental, or the imitation of classic civilization. Again, a century later, this is once more swept away by the fierceness of the Kurdish Saladin; and the beautiful erections of the Arabs in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries mark the latest period of prosperity which Palestine has as yet known.

Now, all these remains have to be studied, dated, and classified, in order to clear the ground for the examination of more ancient things. We no longer mistake a Crusading castle for a specimen of "pure Phoenician art," as one popular writer did only twenty years ago. We know when we see a drafted stone that, although it may be either Roman or Byzantine, Crusading or Arab, in workmanship, according to its size and finish, it is almost certain that it is not Phoenician. The Herodian masonry of Jerusalem and Hebron is drafted, no doubt, but the stones are four feet high and twenty feet long, and they are finished with a toothed chisel, which no other builders used. By such minute observation alone can really sound generalizations be reached in treating of monuments undated or without inscription.

In conclusion of this brief summary of architectural study in Palestine, reference may be made to two points in particular. First, the thorough exploration of the Hebron Haram, which has added to our information concerning the mysterious cave where Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are said to have been buried, the fact that a rock-cut chamber really does exist under the mosque, with a door very like that of an ordinary Jewish tomb. In the second place, no single discovery of the Palestine

Exploration Fund has apparently excited greater interest than that reported in 1881 of a single Jewish tomb, which might with probability be indicated as the real site of the Holy Sepulchre. The whole argument, based on architectural and literary evidence, will be found detailed in the volume on Jerusalem just issued by the society. The identification of Calvary proposed in 1878 in "Tent Work in Palestine," has received a large measure of acceptance among later writers, and the view regarding the newly found tomb rests on the former discovery of a Jewish tradition concerning the site of Calvary.

The survey of Palestine has also thrown light on another most important question concerning ancient Palestine—namely, the relation of the present climate of the country to that of Old Testament times. This question has been fully worked out in papers which will be found in the memoirs of the survey, and the conclusions reached may be briefly summarized. Palestine is a small country, but it presents great varieties of soil, climate, and water supply in various districts. We have the tropical Jordan valley and the Arctic region of upper Hermon and Lebanon. We have rich volcanic corn plains in Bashan and round Jezreel, and sandstones covered with pines and cedars, and hard limestones over which perennial streams flow between fine woods of oak and terebinth in Galilee, and yet more in Gilead. We have flat maritime plains, sandy and marshy, hot and malarious, bounded by ever-rolling dunes, but well watered by sluggish streams from the clear springs at the mountain foot. These plains run from Carmel to Gaza, ever widening, and supporting rich harvests. We have the low chalk hills, with their luxuriant olive-yards and wells of living water, all along the eastern side of the maritime plains. Above, rise mountains three to four thousand feet high, and on the north attaining to ten thousand feet. These are generally rugged and bare, but carefully terraced and partly cultivated. The vine flourishes on these higher ranges, where the frost and mist aid the strong reflection of heat from the rock to ripen the grapes.

But besides these richer districts, we have the old deserts unchanged from the days of Abraham and of David; the flat, marly plateaus of Beersheba, where the nomads feed their flocks and herds as Isaac did before them; the desolate peaks and gorges of the Jeshimon, where the dun partridge and the brown ibex roam as they did when David hid in these fast-

nesses from Saul, among the "rocks of the wild goats." Exploration does not tend to countenance the old ideas about a great change in climate. It is a matter for the naturalist and the geologist to decide, and we know certainly that brooks of water could never have flowed on the surface of the porous chalk of some of these regions any more than they can now. We know also that the land is still as fertile as of old; still well watered in certain districts, still with a sufficient rainfall; and that when a just and stable government exists (as in the Lebanon), the country still flows with oil and wine.

But what we do learn from a study of the land and of history is the desolation wrought by human means in Palestine. We find everywhere the copse covering the winepress, the thistles growing among the old field enclosures, the terraces in ruins, the old vineyards deserted, the olive-yards exterminated, and many of the ancient woods entirely cut down. The forests which existed in the times of Titus and of the Crusaders are often entirely destroyed, and fine oak woods are represented by acres of stumps and roots; the great Antonine cities beyond Jordan stand in a wilderness full of ruined villages, over which the Arab wanders with his herds of camels. In brief, we see that poverty and decrease of population, the decay of roads and aqueducts, the ruin of the old cisterns, the destruction of the woods, terraces, and vineyards are the causes of the present desolation. This has often been pointed out, and experience proves that, given a just and strong government in the country, Palestine might become, like southern Italy, a garden of the world.

And all this great work of exploration, alas! is for the moment suspended. The intrigues of Russia and France, the suspicions and stupidity of the Turks, the political struggles which are so important in the eyes of the public, so trite and petty to the student of history and of antiquity, have for the moment closed Syria to the explorer, and left its monuments to the vandalism of the peasant and the tourist.

Yet there is so much still to be done which must be done before it be too late. We want more Hittite monuments, more Hebrew inscriptions; we want more gems and coins and sculptured stones; more bronzes and sarcophagi. We want more manuscripts and bricks and papyri; more dolmens and menhirs and sacred circles; more legends and details of folk-lore and peasant customs and Syrian dialectic

forms and facts about the strange altars in the groves on Lebanon. We want to examine Bashan as Moab has been examined, and to explore northern Syria and Asia Minor as Palestine has been explored. All this we want to do because we cannot get on without more facts and more materials for comparative study.

Far be it from us to depreciate what has already been done. There are some who think that the Jerusalem excavations "left the problem where they found it;" but this will not be the verdict of any careful reader of the volume just published by the Palestine Exploration Fund. The arduous and devoted labors of Sir C. Warren, and the careful and scientific survey of the Holy City by Sir C. Wilson, without which all later work would have been impossible, have resulted in a general consensus of opinion among serious students, which leaves little to be said on the more important questions of Jerusalem topography. Yet any one who gazes at the great spoil heaps of the Holy City must long to sift them still more for the few grains of gold which they surely hold. Is there not somewhere under the rubbish another inscription of King Hezekiah's? May there not be yet, in the unexplored chambers of the mosque enclosure, remains of the temple in which Christ taught more interesting even than those which have been found in the great tanks and caverns already explored? Where is Solomon's treaty with the Pharaoh of his day? and why should it not be found, as well as other ancient treaties of which we have copies? So much which is indisputably ancient has been found that we may well hope to find much more if only we are allowed to work.

But in the mean time there is yet work which can be done. The labors of all these workmen in various fields can be reduced to order and summarized. The results might be collected and presented to the general public, and might be brought within reach of teachers and schools. Something has been done in this way. The Bible Society and the Sunday School Union are in the van in applying the results of exploration to the true understanding of the Scriptures. The British Museum is setting its house in order collecting its Phœnician treasures, which seem as yet to have been scattered up and down without arrangement. MM. Renan and Clermont Ganneau are publishing their Corpus of Semitic inscriptions, and the magnificent works of Perrot on Oriental art are appearing in

succession. And all this time the work proceeds without hasty attempts to jump at conclusions, and will therefore survive as permanent knowledge when the most advanced criticism has become old-fashioned theory.

C. R. CONDER.

From Longman's Magazine.  
EVEN WITH THIS.

I STOOD to-day beside the grave of my dear old friend Paul — (his name will be known by his friends, and for those who were not his friends his name may remain unknown). The vicar read the funeral service while the birds were singing on the trees, the sun shone on the laburnum and the lilac, and from below the cliff came the roll of the waves along the shore. His remains were laid beside those of his wife, and while the words of the solemn service fell upon my ears, I was thinking how it would have fared with Paul had it not been for his marriage. It will harm no one now to tell the story of that marriage.

Paul died at the age of fifty-two, a time of life when most men look forward to many more years of successful work. There was only one reason why he should not have lived to threescore years and ten — namely, that his wife was dead. She died twelve months before him, and he could not endure life without her companionship. He looked more than fifty-two, because he had gone completely grey, and he stooped and walked slowly, as one who is drawing near to the grave. When first he met his wife, in the year 1857, he was — well, he was twenty-five years of age to begin with. It seems as if merely to be twenty-five is enough, but I suppose some other things are desirable as well. He had just been called to the bar; he was a fellow of his college, a hard-headed reader, and an athlete, such as athletes then were. That is to say, he neither ran nor leaped, and took no heed of running or leaping, but he tugged a manful oar in his college boat, went to Switzerland after every "long," climbed high mountains, and made light of inaccessible peaks, and at home took great walks. He was popular because he possessed a pleasant voice, a pleasant face, and a pleasant manner; because he was not small and petty in speech or thought; and because he was strong. Nobody among undergraduates is so popular as the man who is strong.

It was also known to Paul's friends that he was ambitious as well as strong. In order to further his ambitious aims, he read mathematics, and came out in the first half-dozen wranglers. Though he had no real genius or love for that many-headed science, yet he knew that a good degree and a fellowship are good things for a barrister to begin with. They recommend a man. Further, in order to acquire facility in speaking, he spoke regularly at the Union, and learned to speak well. Whatever he attempted, he either did well or abandoned altogether.

For instance, he played racquets admirably, but would never play billiards; he played whist well, but would not play chess; and in conversation he spoke only about things in which he was tolerably well "posted." There are in every generation of undergraduates two or three men such as Paul, who have determined beforehand for themselves that they have a great career before them: it will generally be found that they are not mistaken.

I have said that in the year 1857 Paul was twenty-five years of age. It was in that year that he took the step which subsequently led to his early retirement. And it happened in this way.

In the month of September we started together upon a walking expedition. In those days we had a project for walking round the coast of Great Britain, taking a fortnight here and another there, according to season and opportunity, and reckoning that we should complete the task—allowing for sinuosities and creeks—in three hundred and seventy-three years exactly. We carried a white round pebble. At the end of each walk, we buried it and marked the place: at the beginning of a new walk we dug it up again. By this method one was quite sure of passing over the whole ground without the possibility of self-deception. We began very well, with capital weather and high spirits. On the afternoon of the third day an accident happened of a very common and uninteresting nature. Paul twisted his ankle on a loose stone. We were then about a mile and a half distant from a certain small village through which we had to pass, but we had not intended to rest a night there. When we reached it, however, the trouble of the ankle became so bad that it was absolutely necessary to stop. Fortunately we found a decent inn, with better accommodation than might have been expected. It was an old thatched and rustic village public-house, to which had been built a new modern

wing containing three or four bedrooms, a coffee-room, and a billiard-room.

After laying my man upon the sofa in the coffee-room, I went out to explore the place. It was more considerable than I had expected: there was a single long street running up a gentle hill from the seashore; on the top of the hill was a church with an ancient square rubble tower and a square brick "temple" of the period of George II.; beyond the church were two roads, and beside them certain villas, which looked very pretty amid the woods and trees and gardens. At the lower end of the town was the port. Here the sea runs inland and makes a little creek for the reception of a stream; they have built out a brick jetty and constructed a wharf, along which are generally lying half-a-dozen small vessels; a few boats were hauled upon the beach, with two or three fishing-smacks and a row of fisher-folk's cottages, the women sitting at work in the doors, the men leaning against posts, and the children playing barefooted on the sand. Looking up the creek, one saw trees and fields and houses behind the masts, producing effects unusual in England; you can see it on the Dart, and at Bridgwater, and on the quay at Yarmouth.

There was not much to observe. I walked to the end of the jetty, where three ancient mariners were sitting in a row, each with a pipe in his mouth. Far out to sea, one saw a steamer, low down on the horizon, the following of smoke looking as solid as the hull and many miles long; so that one wondered why the craft, with this top-heavy gear, did not capsize. There was a gentle ripple on the water and a soft, westerly breeze. On the right of the creek there rose a bold headland, such as are so common on the white coasts of Albion; on the left the land was low for a mile or two, and then rose gradually, and there was a great bay with a sweep of cliff after cliff, very beautiful. As I looked there came swiftly round the headland a little boat—not a common dingy or fisherman's boat, but a miniature yacht—quite a dainty little craft, flying foresail and mainsail. A girl was steering her, and a boy sat beside the mast, ready to lower sail. The boat ran merrily up the creek, alongside the jetty. The boy lowered sail, unshipped mast and rudder, and tied the painter with the quickness of him who understands his work. Then both sprang out and ran up the steps of the jetty, and one of the fishermen touched his hat, and went slowly

down to take the boat to her moorings. The pair were clearly brother and sister; he a lad of eighteen, she a year or two older, perhaps twenty-one. They were curiously alike, and the girl's face was her brother's, glorified. There is no other word which can express the difference between the two faces. She had the same face as her brother, but glorified. Every face, if you come to think of it, has its best and most delightful type in the womanly form: in the old days every god had a corresponding goddess, though, sometimes, so great became the admiration and love of the goddess, that the god dropped out and was forgotten. Who remembereth the male Astarte? Now, you may buy a block of marble and commission almost any sculptor to carve out of it a boy's head, beautiful, brave, and manly. But, if you want the girl's head corresponding to this, you must find out a sculptor of poetic temperament, and you will not get what you want unless you do find the right man. This girl then had the same face as her brother, but it was different. Thus, the boy's hair was light and curly, hers was darker; his eyes were a light blue, and hers a dark blue and deeper; his mouth was weak, and hers was strong; in her walk and bearing there was more strength and character than seemed to belong to her brother. All these things I did not observe at the moment when she passed quickly up the pier, but I found them out afterwards. As for her figure, she was nearly as tall as her brother, who was certainly five feet eight, and in shape she resembled the goddess Artemis, who was of thinner and slighter build and had a more slender waist than Aphrodité. Her admirers, in fact, invented the corset and the practice of tight lacing.

The girl passed me with just the slight glance of curiosity which one bestows upon an unexpected stranger, and I presently left the pier and walked slowly back to our inn, wondering why girls so beautiful are so rarely seen in the world. Do they all live in the country and blush unseen beside the hedges, like the wood anemones? Why, just to look upon such a face fills the mind with all kinds of sweet fancies. But she passed before me and was gone, and only the remembrance of her was left.

In the evening after dinner we took refuge in the billiard-room, as there was nothing at all in the house to read. The only occupant of the room was the young fellow whom I had seen in the boat with

the extraordinarily beautiful girl. He was knocking the balls about for amusement. There was no marker. I observed that he blushed violently when I invited him to play a game — more violently, that is, than a boy of eighteen ought to blush. He accepted, however, and we played five games, Paul watching the play in a chair. Presently we began to talk about the village. The boy said that, partly because it was eight miles from a station, and partly because there were no lodgings except at the inn, visitors very rarely found their way to the place. As for society, he said, blushing crimson — we could not say why — a few people lived in the villas beyond the church outside the little town — his own people among them; but it was a very dull and quiet place. For his own part — but here he blushed again and did not complete his sentence.

"For your own part," said Paul, "you do not desire to hear nothing but the beating of the waves on the shore and the cry of the sea-birds all your life."

"And yet," the boy replied, with a touch of sadness in his voice, "I do not know how I am to get anything else. But that does not matter to you," he added quickly. Then, as if afraid of saying more than he desired to say, he wished us good-night, and went away.

"Why can't he expect anything else?" Paul asked. "The boy wants to go to sea, I suppose, or on the stage, or into the army, or to become a poet, or to do something which his father won't let him do. He's a pretty pink and white sort of boy; sometimes they turn out well, that sort of make. And he's a gentleman. Well, I shall go and put a compress on my ankle. Help me up-stairs, old man."

He went up-stairs, and I returned to the coffee-room. It was then about ten o'clock. The place was so quiet and still that the silence oppressed me. There are times when one cannot bear a complete silence. I even opened the door for the purpose of hearing the low buzz of voices from the bar, where half-a-dozen men were slowly and solemnly drinking and talking.

Then I heard steps outside the house and in the hall, and a man appeared at the door. He peered round, saw me sitting beside a couple of candles, hesitated for a moment, and then came in. It was a public room, and I suppose he had a perfect right to use it if he pleased; but I resented his intrusion. When he took off his hat I perceived by the light of my two candles that he was perfectly bald,

that his whiskers and eyebrows were white, that his eyes were red, his lips thick, his cheeks as fiercely red as his eyes, and his nose swollen. I declare that the very first aspect of this man made me tremble and shiver; I cannot tell why—it may have been a presentiment of mischief, yet he did no harm to me. Sometimes I have thought that this natural loathing was caused by the inexpressible wickedness of the man's face. Why he looked so wicked I cannot tell; it may have been some evil thought lurking like a devil in his eyes. I do not know what it is that betrays the evil disposition of a man; certain I am, however, that the man's face was altogether most remarkably evil. Now you cannot, in the coffee-room of an inn, say to a stranger, even if he carries hoofs and a tail, "Sir, your appearance impresses me with so unfavorable an idea of your moral character that I must request you to withdraw, or at least not to speak to me." I did not say that to him, and he did not withdraw, but opened a conversation with me.

"I think," he said—his voice was raspy and grating—"I think that I saw young Robert Reeve leave the inn a little while ago."

"There was a young gentleman here," I replied, "who played a game of billiards with me, and is gone."

"Yes, the same, the same. Nice boy, sir, ain't he?"

"He appears to be so."

"Are you a friend of his—of the family, may I ask?" He leaned forward and grinned horribly. Why did he grin? "An old friend, perhaps, of former and happier times? Yet not quite old enough, I should say—"

"I have not the pleasure of knowing them."

"Ah!" He leaned back in his chair and breathed another sigh, apparently of satisfaction. "Ah! A thousand pities for him, poor boy; but of course it is worse, much worse, for the girl. But you do not know the family yet. You would be interested—"

"Not at all," I said. "Pray do not waste village scandals upon me."

"Village scandals? My dear sir, you are greatly mistaken—greatly mistaken. It is a world-wide—why, I could tell scandals—why, I could tell you things about this village which—"

"Good-night, sir." I interrupted his confidences, not on account of dislike to village gossip, which might be interesting, but because the fellow looked so ma-

lignant that I could no longer endure his company.

"You are wrong, sir," he said. "As a stranger you are wrong to go; I could have told you some very interesting things indeed about the people in this town. Mary—Mary—I say. Some more whiskey, girl. Very interesting things indeed I could have told you."

I perceived then that the old fellow had been drinking, which was perhaps the cause of his familiarity and his strange confidences. However, I left him.

In the morning, Paul's ankle was still swollen, and I agreed to leave him and go on with the walk alone. He, for his own part, thought he would send to town for some books and stay where he was. The place was quiet, the inn was comfortable, he should be neither lonely nor dull. I thought of the boy—this Robert Reeve, if that was the name—perhaps he would turn up at the inn; and then I thought of the girl. There was certainly one possibility which might make a stay at this place very far from dull. But I said nothing about her.

After breakfast I strapped my knapsack and started for the solitary walk of five-and-twenty miles a day for a fortnight or so. When one is young so many friends are made at every halt that there is no time to feel lonely. My way took me first over the high headland of which I have spoken. Half-way up the hill I passed, sitting on the grass, my acquaintance of the previous night. He was sober, apparently, and yet somehow he looked more malignant than before.

"Good-morning, sir," he said, without, apparently, bearing any malice for my abruptness of the previous evening, "you are off? And alone, I see. Your friend remains behind, I suppose."

"He remains behind." I pushed on, not caring to converse any longer with the man.

"Ah! Don't be in a hurry, my good sir. Stop half a minute now. You wouldn't listen to me last night. Well, I forgive you; I always forgive people; though I do think it is a bit rude to go off to bed when a gentleman offers to tell you all there is to be told."

"Pardon me, you offered to tell me the scandals of the town. I am not fond of Paul Pry in a country village."

"There again," he said, "you do me an injury. Without intention, doubtless—without intention," he smiled in a ghastly way. "So your friend stays. It is to be hoped that young Robert Reeve, as he

calls himself, will not thrust himself upon your friend. Otherwise, it will be my duty to warn your friend solemnly; yes, though I knew young Reeve's father at what I may call a very critical period of his life, it will be my duty to warn him."

"It seems to me," I said, with as much sternness as is possible at five-and-twenty—"it seems to me that you are proposing to meddle in what does not belong to you."

"You do me another injury, young man," he replied, spreading out his hands. "You do me another injury. But I forgive you. It is from ignorance. You do not know me, indeed you do not. I forgive everybody; I am accustomed to injury. People have all my life been resolved to injure me, who never harmed a fly—not a fly."

I left this man and pushed on my way up the hill. Presently I came to the top—not a very lofty eminence after all—and sat down. Below me was the little port up the creek, with the fishing-boats, and, if one could have seen them, the fishermen themselves. I remember thinking that if one had to choose a profession, one might think twice about becoming a fisherman. It is, to be sure, a hard life; a good many get drowned; there is too much moaning of the harbor bar, and more rolling up of the night rack than is pleasant; and fish do certainly smell; and it is very often horribly cold at sea; and nobody can pretend to dine in comfort in a tossing boat on a rough sea; probably, too, no other life offers so many facilities for getting wet; and yet, all deductions made, what other life offers so many opportunities for repose, either sitting in the boat, or leaning against a post, or standing, hands in pocket, gazing at the sky? In London we never see the sky. We must never look up at it, for fear of being run over. Besides, fishermen wear a most convenient and picturesque costume; a great woolen jersey, lying in thick folds and rollers several inches thick, seems, when you come to think of it, the only costume possible for all weathers, except perhaps the simple dress of John Chinaman.

While I was meditating in this foolish fashion, I became aware of a grating, raspy voice.

"You are unjust, dear sir, you are indeed. If you knew all I know—"

Here I sprang to my feet and fairly bolted. But this dreadful-looking old person with the cringing manner, the raspy voice and the evil eyes, left a bad impres-

sion upon me. Not as regards Paul. If anybody in the world could take care of himself, it was Paul.

Three weeks later, having forgotten this person and, indeed, the village itself, I found waiting for me, on my arrival at a certain town which was on our proposed route, a letter from Paul. It was short, and without explanation begged me to get back to him as soon as I received the letter. This request gave me an uneasy feeling.

What should Paul—Paul the self-reliant—want with me or with any one? If a man wanted counsel he generally went to Paul for it, but Paul himself asked no man's counsel. It could not be that Paul was in a scrape of any kind.

It was not till nine in the evening that I reached the place. Paul was not in the inn. The landlord told me, however, that he was quite well, and that he was most probably at Mr. Reeve's. This he said with a meaning smile, and added that he would be certainly back again before eleven o'clock. I went into the coffee-room, and sat down to wait.

The old bald head again, the man with the red eyes and the white eyebrows; he followed me into the coffee-room.

"Back again, my dear sir?" he began cheerfully. "Back again? I hardly expected this. Yes; I saw you drive down the street. The horse and cart belong to old Poulton, the man who burned down his own hayricks for the insurance. The fellow who drove you is said to be reformed. A very violent character, once, and in prison many times."

I paid no attention to these revelations. He took a chair, however, called for some brandy-and-water, and went on talking.

"Strange doings!" he said—"strange doings, since you went away. Your friend, sir—ah! poor young man. Trapped, I am afraid, trapped!" He drank half his glass of brandy-and-water and drummed the table with his fingers, repeating with great satisfaction that my poor young friend was trapped.

"Now"—I grew pretty hot at this interference—"if you have come here to tell me stories and made-up scandal, walk straight out of the door—or, old as you are, I shall put you out."

"Don't be violent, young man; pray don't be violent. Why, you are like your friend—I warned him a week ago—I thought it my duty to warn him—and what was the consequence? Language more rude than I thought possible for a barrister and a gentleman to employ."

"I dare say you deserved it."

"What? For warning a young man on the edge of a precipice? Oh! what a world is this! What an ungrateful world!"

"I think," I said, "that you are a very meddlesome, impertinent person. Why do you speak to me at all?"

"Because I *must* speak. Young man, if you have any friendship for your friend — the other young man who *sweats* — drag him away."

He looked and spoke so much in earnest that I began to fear there might be some danger of an unknown and unsuspected kind.

"What danger?" I asked.

"The danger" — he leaned across the table and shook a warning forefinger in my face, "the danger of a most lamentable connection. You do not know — how should you? — the nature of this village and its residents."

I began to wonder if the man was mad, or if there was method in his madness. "This place, sir, is the refuge of those who can no longer live among their fellow-men. Here, all alike have a disgraceful past and can meet on equal terms; in fact, it would be in the highest degree unmanly to speak of what may have happened. Some words — such as detection, punishment, justice, and the like — are never used here; be careful not to use them."

"Good heavens!"

"Why not? People must live somewhere. Surely it is best when a man 'comes out' to join a community of others who have either come out or been driven from society. Ah! my young friend, I have now been here six months and more, and I have as yet regarded the possession of this knowledge as a sacred secret; but to see a young gentleman trapped — I cannot longer remain silent, I cannot indeed."

I wanted to ask him if he had recently "come out," but I forbore.

"In the very first villa outside the town," this agreeable person went on, "there lives a lady who was once tried for her life in Scotland; she got off because the verdict was *Not proven*. But she did it, my dear sir, she did it. I have read the evidence, and I think I may be allowed some experience in evidence. She did it."

"Well?"

"And on the other side of my house lives a man who was cashiered — drummed out of the army, sir, and he a major — for

cowardice. Oh, yes! My house is between them."

"And what have you done?" I asked impudently.

He shook his head sadly, as if I was greatly to blame for asking so indiscreet a question.

"Opposite to us there lives an aged clergyman. Ask him — I am not a libellous person — I say, only ask him why he holds no *benefice now* — *ask him that*. To say of *his* neighbor that he is a fraudulent bankrupt, and lives upon the profits, would not surprise you, I suppose. And of the Honorable Mr. Arthur Mompesson, another of our neighbor residents, that he was expelled all his clubs for cheating at cards, would not strike you, perhaps, as at all an unusual incident in a gentleman's career?"

"But what did *you* do?" For the man was reeling out these accusations with a malignant joy which made one's brain turn. "Come, sir, what is it that you have done?"

He shook his head again.

"And there's another man, who made his fortune by wrecking ships, over-insuring them and then overloading them. He is a churchwarden now — ho! ho! And as for old Reeve, as he calls himself now, who wants to throw over his old friends, refuses to speak to me if he meets me, and has forbidden me the house — why, I defended him, sir, I defended him, and this is gratitude."

"You — you defended him? What were you, then?"

"What was I, sir? I would have you to know, sir, that I was a barrister, sir, and a queen's counsel, sir. What do you think of that?"

"You were a barrister and a queen's counsel. Then why are you no longer either? What did you do?" I asked again.

He shook his head no longer, but sprang to his feet with a fierce gesture, and for a moment I thought he would have made for me.

"Why," I said, looking him steadily in the face, "if you are no longer a Q.C., what is it that you have done?"

He made no reply, but actually fled from the room: he ran out of it, and down the street, and I saw him no more.

At eleven Paul came home. He was evidently in a state of high excitement. "I sent for you," he said, "because I *must* tell some one, and I know I can trust you. Sit down and listen to me without speaking one word."

As for the substance of his tale, it was what one might have expected. He was in love, madly in love, and with the very girl, the beautiful creature, whom I had seen on the river. Her name was Isabel. The largest and finest house in the place belonged to her father, who was, it appeared, a man of considerable wealth. So far all seemed plain and easy sailing.

"You love her, Paul," I said. "No occasion to repeat it. And—if one may have the impertinence to ask—does the young lady—"

"She refuses me," he replied. All this time he had been walking about the room in a violent agitation. "She refuses me."

"Refuses you?" At twenty five one knows little about women, but one thing everybody knows—that when a clever, handsome, and in every way eligible young man makes love to a girl—especially to a girl in a dull country place—his chances of refusal are not—well—not equal to the chances of acceptance. You can't go beyond a man who is a gentleman, clever, hard-working, ambitious, and of good heart. They don't make young men any better than that. "Refused you, Paul?"

"Refused me. Mind, there is a reason. The dear girl owned to-day that if it were not for this reason—she—she—" Here he choked.

"Is the reason insurmountable?"

"Oh!" he replied. "The reason is unreasonable; it is a mere trick of the brain; it matters really nothing. I cannot tell you, though she has told me the whole, God bless her! and it tore her heart to tell it. She told me the whole story two days ago. I wrote to you at once, because I felt that I must speak to some one or die. Yet I cannot tell you all of it—only this: there is upon her past a cloud. Yes, I admit it is a very dreadful cloud. Through no fault of her own—none, mind. No one can blame her in the least; no one would dare to throw it in her teeth. By Heaven! I would kill such a man where he stood. It is on account of this cloud that she refuses. She says that she will never consent to bring her burden of shame to weigh down the life of a man she loved. Oh Isabel! my dear—" Here again he choked.

"Yet, Paul, if you would take her—even with this—this—"

"Even with this!" he said solemnly. "Why it would be nothing in the world to me; less than nothing; just a secret between husband and wife; just a painful reminiscence of the past, never to be mentioned between us."

"Is there," I asked, "any one who knows the secret?"

"Her brother knows, of course, poor fellow! Well for him if he did not know, because the knowledge of it will poison his life wherever he goes. I am sorry, truly sorry, for the boy. But as for Isabel, I can take her away from all of it."

"And does no one else know?"

"There is a dreadful man who lives here—a most horrible beast. I threatened to cowhide him last week because he threw out hints that he knew something about the previous history of this family not altogether to their credit. He is a man named Brundish; he was formerly, it appears, in very good practice at the bar, and had taken silk, was a Q.C., and a bencher of Lincoln's Inn, and was then found out to have appropriated, embezzled, or made way with certain trust-moneys. This was a horrible scandal, and they disbarred and disbarred him. He is a man of infamous private character, and drinks, I believe. Probably he will drink himself into the grave before long. I am afraid he knows something, but I do not know how much. What does that creature signify?"

I thought it unnecessary to tell Paul of my experience with Mr. Brundish; but I felt relieved to think that he had not told me more. We went on talking of the young lady's perfections. In fact we talked half through the night.

The next morning he took me to the house. It was a beautiful villa, furnished with admirable taste, heaped with books, pictures, and all kinds of pretty things. Isabel herself—I have always called her, by gracious permission, by her Christian name—received us, and presently her brother joined us. There was some constraint upon the whole party, which was natural under the circumstances, and I was glad when we all went out together and climbed to the top of the headland. Here, presently, I found myself—whether by accident or design I know not—standing alone with Isabel, the other two slowly going on before us down the hill. She looked grave and anxious, her cheek rather pale; I knew that her mind was full of her lover and her refusal. I had no right to speak, yet I did speak to her about it. First, I told her what Paul had told me, that he loved her and that she would not accept him, for a reason.

"Did he tell you the reason?" she asked, her cheek flushing suddenly.

"No; only in general terms. There is a cloud upon some part of your past."

"A cloud indeed," she replied.

"Which would not in any way affect the life of the man you married?"

"But it would," she said; "oh! it would. You do not know what it is, or you would say that I am right."

"Nay, I cannot think, Miss Reeve, that you are right, for you make the man who loves you — the best man in the world — you do not know what a clever, brave, and good-hearted man he is — you make him wretched when you might make him happy." And so I continued, she shaking her head, though the tears came into her eyes, and murmuring, —

"Oh! I refuse him because I would not make him unhappy."

Then I said it all over again. The only way to argue with a woman, especially with a woman who in her heart wishes to be convinced, is to repeat your proposition until she gets it well into her head. I said that, in the first place, nobody would know the thing which she was afraid would injure Paul; and secondly, that if all the world knew it, nobody would care; that in all cases of this kind the real injury to one was in suspicion that there was injury; that it was like a man's being ashamed of low origin, a thing which could not be prevented, and which no one, certainly, would ever cast in a man's teeth. Then I begged her to put this consideration out of her mind altogether, and, if she could, to make Paul happy.

She shook her head with less firmness than before, and I saw that she was shaken. When a lovely woman has thoroughly made up her mind, she does not keep on crying. Then we descended the hill, and found Paul and Robert in the boat. I remember that we went sailing in the pretty little boat. I do not know where, or whither, or for how long. I was thinking over the position of things, and admiring the sight of a man desperately in love and a girl ready to receive his homage but for one thing that seemed to stand in the way. Yet in every look, and in every gesture, she said, so plainly that all could read, —

Ask me no more, for at a touch I yield:  
Ask me no more.

When we walked back to the house the boy came with me, and Paul walked beside Isabel.

"I wish it may come off," he said, blushing as usual. "I say — I know I can talk freely with you, because Paul says so. He has told you something about us

— hasn't he? Not much, he says, but I dare say it is quite enough. Isabel wrote it all down, so that he should not think he had been deceived — all, she says — everything. Good God!" here he gasped. "If Paul likes to show it to you, he may. But I hope he will not. As for me, I am done for; I can do nothing, the history is round my neck like a millstone; I must sit in the background all my life, and make myself as little conspicuous as I can. I cannot go into the army or the university. I have not been to a public school. I have no friends and I can make none. I can never marry." Here he stopped for a while, and walked on at a great rate, swinging his arms.

"As for Isabel," he went on, "it really cannot matter to her when once she is married. Paul will take her away: no one will trouble their heads to ask who she was. She swears that nothing would ever induce her to spoil a man's life, but I don't think it would hurt his career. Let Paul persevere; if she can once be got to think that it will not do him mischief, I think she will give in. And, oh! I cannot bear to think that she should stay on here, wasted, her life spoiled; living in vain."

She had already given in, though we did not know it. The word was spoken, and she was promised. I saw it in her blushing face and softened eyes, when we reached the house: I saw it in Paul's absurdly triumphant air when we walked away.

"It is settled," he said, pressing my arm. "She has accepted me. My dear boy! I am the happiest man in the world."

He went on to explain at great length how very happy he was already, and how very much happier he meant to be in the immediate future. They were to be married at once — in a few weeks; there was no need to wait; and so on. Meantime there was a small dinner party at the house that evening, and I was invited by Isabel.

In the nature of things, it was impossible that I could avoid being interested not only in the love-affair of my friend, and that most beautiful girl, Isabel, but also in her father. From Paul I learned that something had been done which must be concealed; from the boy, that something had been done which would make it impossible for him to go into any kind of public life; from the wicked old man, Mr. Brundish, that he had himself "defended" the father of this interesting pair at

a critical juncture, when he himself had been a Q.C. All this, put together, did not inform one of much; yet it made me curious, not so much to know more, as to see, in the flesh, the man who had caused this terrible cloud to hang over his children's lives, the man who had "done something."

Well, I was introduced to him: I saw him; he was a singularly handsome man, portly, dignified, well dressed, and possessed of a manner perfectly charming; not only at ease with himself, but able to set his guests at their ease. He was apparently about sixty years of age; his abundant hair was of a splendid creamy white; his features were sharp and clear; his eyes singularly bright — they were of a deep blue, like those of his daughter; he not only looked, but he was, a perfectly polished and delightful man. At the very sight of him, all the injurious suspicion and doubts one had entertained of him vanished; as he talked, one was lifted out of oneself and carried into circles and among people one had never thought to know. Perhaps he talked too continuously, but nobody else present could have talked half so well, and I, for one, was content to listen. He seemed to know, or to have met — because he did not profess friendship with any of them — all the great men of the day; he knew the secret history of everything that had taken place ten, twenty, thirty years before — such as the Reform Bill of 1832, or the great railway bubble of 1846; he knew the great men of the City; he knew, as well, the best literary men and artists of the day, and even the great statesmen. He talked, in fact, through the whole dinner, and we neither grew tired of him, nor did the dinner languish.

There were six or seven guests, besides Paul and myself; it was an excellent dinner, admirably served, and with admirable wine. At first I gave myself up entirely to the enjoyment of the delightful talk, and thought of nothing else. But a strange thing happened: in the very middle of the dinner I caught a sharp and curiously suggestive glance from Isabel. It seemed to ask me what I thought, now, of her father, and if I really knew that —

I felt myself blushing like her brother, and my mind suddenly went back to what I had heard. Of what nature was the "cloud"? Had the ex-Q.C. really defended our host? and if so, on what occasion? And all the other scandalous statements returned to my brain: why

had the venerable clergyman opposite to me no longer a cure of souls? Why had the gallant major next to him left the army? Was it true that the Honorable Arthur Mompesson had been expelled his club for cheating at cards? And this middle-aged lady, whom I had taken in to dinner, could she really have poisoned her lover? And while I pondered these things our host's pleasant, genial voice went flowing on, so that one felt the strangest incongruity between these absurd questions and the place, the talk, and the people.

Three weeks later the pair were quietly married, without any party, bridesmaids, or ceremony at all. What Paul said to Isabel's father I know not, but at the wedding the old man seemed strangely shaken and agitated, trembling at every footfall. He had become aged, one knew not why. The bride and bridegroom drove from the church to the nearest station. Mr. Reeve went home, and I went back to the inn. I found there the man Brundish, who had been drinking already, though it was not yet noon.

"I told the old man I would interrupt the ceremony," he said with a grin, "and make him marry the girl under her true name, but he begged me not. I am to dine with him to-night instead. Ha! now that the girl is gone, he says, he does not care who comes to his house. Wanted to keep his own children from their father's old friends, you see. There's gratitude! Why, who defended him? Who made such a speech that all England rang with it — eh?"

"Well," I said, "now that Mr. Reeve's daughter has married, you have done with her at any rate, and with me, too."

"I don't know, young man, I don't know," he replied. "I am, it is true, a forgiving person, which is lucky for the happy bridegroom. But then he once shook a cane over my shoulders. I don't know if I have done with them. And I wasn't good enough to be invited to the house. Respectable company you met there, wasn't it? The man drummed out of his regiment; the man expelled from the clubs; the woman tried —"

"Go to the devil!" I said, and left him. A month or two later I heard from Paul that his father-in-law had been found dead in his bed. It appeared that he had no money of his own, but was living on his late wife's fortune, which had been settled upon herself, and was held in trust. The share of it which now came to Isabel put the newly married pair at once into a

position of great material comfort, if not wealth. But Paul was already making way in his profession.

"I must be a judge by forty-five," he said to me, laughing; "otherwise I shall think that I have failed."

"And then, Paul?" asked Isabel.

"Then I must be made lord chancellor, and I shall pass great measures for the law of the land, and shall become immortal."

I never knew any couple so entirely happy as they were during the first twelve months of their marriage. They had very few friends, and these were all Paul's own friends; they lived on Campden Hill — remember that it was long before Campden Hill was covered with houses — and they were just as selfishly and as completely happy as love could make them. Gradually the pensive and troubled look vanished from Isabel's eyes: the "cloud," the "thing," the secret, whatever it had been, was wholly put away and forgotten. As for me, I sometimes thought of it involuntarily. Was the malignant old man truthful in his account of the village and its residents? Could they really be all of them outcasts by reason of having been found out in something disgraceful? Had Isabel's father really been "defended" by the man Brundish in a speech that made all England ring? One would not pry into the matter, but the doubt remained which it was impossible to kill. In Isabel's society, however, it vanished completely. She was one of those rare women whose friendship is a great possession for a man, and whose love is a gift of the gods; a woman whom one regarded with a daily increasing respect and admiration; a woman to whom goodness of all kinds came by nature.

Isabel's brother came to town soon after his father's death, and called upon me.

"I have made up my mind," he said to me soon after his sister's marriage, "what I shall do. So long as I remain in this country, Isabel will always have somebody to remind her of the past. If I once go away she will belong entirely to her husband. While I am here I shall always be in terror of the thing being found out. I shall go away, then, and travel. After a year or two I shall convey to Isabel the news that I am dead. Then she will have broken altogether with the past. I shall settle down somewhere, perhaps, some day. I am not sure where or when, and if I am quite sure that I can never be identified, I shall marry, perhaps. But never, never will I come back to En-

gland." So we shook hands and we parted. Six months afterwards there came a note to Isabel in pencil from her brother, saying that he was dying of fever on the African coast, and that the letter would be sent on after his death. Isabel wept over the letter, but she dried her tears soon, and I think it was better that the last link which reminded her of the shame of her childhood should have been broken.

As for their happiness, however, it was rudely shaken.

One day, Paul, the junior counsel in a case of no apparent importance, found himself unexpectedly called upon to maintain a legal position against the opinion of the court; he displayed, in his argument, so much ability and knowledge of the law as to call forth an expression of admiration from the judge himself. I was myself present in my quality of briefless barrister. On the termination of the case we came out, and stood for a few minutes talking over the point which had been raised. Paul's senior joined us, and congratulated him, prophesying that his table would never be without briefs after that morning's work. Others came to shake hands with him, and there was quite a little scene of congratulation and triumph. In the midst of our talk I saw, bearing straight down upon us, with the evident intention of speaking, no other than that terrible ex-Q.C. He was clearly half-drunk. One of the men among us whispered in disgust: "Good heavens! here's that miserable man Brundish!" Everybody stood aside to make way for him, as one makes way for a leper. Worse than a leper, in the courts of Lincoln's Inn, is a man who has been disbarred. As well should a man who has been stripped of his commission and drummed out of his regiment for cowardice, show himself again upon parade.

This man, then, with a half-drunk laugh, walked straight to Paul and held out his hand.

"How are you, Paul, my boy?" he cried, addressing him independently by his Christian name; "Isabel quite well?"

Paul turned perfectly white. "How dare you," he cried, "how dare you speak to me? How dare you address me by my Christian name?"

"How dare I? Ho! ho! Not use his Christian name to the man who married my dear old friend's only daughter? How do you do, Sir John?" He addressed one of the group, a well-known counsel of very high standing and ex-solicitor-

general, who made no reply. "Gentlemen, you know me, all of you. I have been in court to-day, and I declare I never heard a better argument than my young friend's here. Why, I never put a point better myself."

"Your friend! Yours!" cried Paul with a gesture of loathing.

"Come, come!" cried the man. "This is rather too much. Why, Paul, you forget that you married the only daughter of my old friend, Sir Robert Reeve Byrne, baronet, whom I defended. You remember my famous defence, gentlemen. I am sure it nearly pulled him through, but not quite, for he got his five years' penal servitude."

Then there was a dead silence, and nobody dared to look at his neighbor. As for me, I understood it all. The case of Sir Robert Byrne was a *cause célèbre*. He had been, I remembered, defended by Mr. Brundish, Q.C., with marvellous skill and ingenuity. My delightful host was, then, no other than that famous baronet, then! and the rest of his guests — were they also what the ex-Q.C. had described them?

Paul recovered himself. "It is quite true," he said proudly, "I married the daughter of Sir Robert Byrne, but this man I know nothing of, except that he is a rogue."

Mr. Brundish looked round him; he saw on every face loathing clearly written. Half-drunk though he was, he was cowed. He said no more, but slunk away.

It was Sir John himself who laid his hand upon Paul's shoulder and said kindly, "We are all sorry you should have been troubled by this scoundrel, whom once I called my friend. As for your private affairs — but of them we need not speak."

They all murmured something, the group broke up, and I took Paul by the arm and walked with him to his chambers. He threw his papers upon the table, and sank into a chair.

"It is all over," he groaned; "my career is finished."

"Paul, this is absurd."

"No," he said. "I have already made up my mind what will happen. These men are my private friends — they are part of our social circle; for Isabel, poor child, had no friends of her own. They are good fellows, and at first they will say that it doesn't make any difference, and think it too. But then, you see, there are the women. They will resent the thing, and show their resentment, too. Isabel must be spared this, at any cost. Go

away now, my dear fellow, and leave me to think."

"For heaven's sake, Paul," I said, "do nothing rash. Think of your profession first."

"No," he replied. "Isabel must be first thought of."

I lingered awhile, unwilling to leave him.

"Now you know all," he said. "It is something like a cloud, isn't it?"

"Is it possible that the courtly and polished —"

"Quite possible. Sometimes I tried to think what he would look like in prison dress, but I never could. There was another side to him, though. I saw it on the day when I asked him for his daughter. "Do you," he said, "know the story of my past?" I assured him that he need not open a painful chapter, because I knew everything. And then — then he broke down, burst into a fit of weeping like any woman, and thanked God solemnly that I had come to take his daughter away from him. "For myself," he said, "I suppose I am sorry. That matters nothing. But for my children's sake, and especially for my daughter's sake, I am — sometimes I am mad." I think that when he was left alone after our marriage he was really mad, and I am nearly sure that he killed himself. However, that is done with. Isabel must not know what has happened. And she must not be made to suspect that our friends, her new friends, know her secret. Women are not always considerate towards each other. I must think — I must think what is best to do."

Next morning, I was not surprised to receive a note from Isabel. She said that her husband was suddenly prostrated with some kind of nervous breakdown, though he looked very well, and that the doctor ordered him to give up all work, break off all engagements, and go away for three months at least. They were going the same day.

The three months became six, and the six became twelve; they were travelling about in un frequented places, where Paul's health would not suffer from noise and talk of travellers; they stayed only in towns where there were no English residents, and so on. Then Paul wrote to me that he had given up his chambers and bought a cottage in the country, where he proposed to stay, his health, he said, being too wretched to think of his practising any more.

I made many visits to the cottage. It

was three or four miles from any village or house. It was on the seaside, and they had a boat. They had no children, and the only people who ever visited them were the family of the nearest clergyman, who came often to them. Isabel was their friend, unpaid governess, adviser, everything.

Remark, here, a very strange thing. This man, my friend Paul, to whom at the outset life without success would have seemed intolerable, who gave up the most promising prospects solely on his wife's account, who was endowed with every quality which success requires, was perfectly happy in this obscure retreat. He wanted no other kind of life; to sail in his boat, to wander on the sands, to meditate in his garden, always with Isabel beside him, was enough for him. His love for Isabel was absorbing and sufficient for both. Other married people continue to pay each other the attentions of their first love; but this pair seemed to live wholly for each other. As for me, who knew their secret, it seemed to me as if Paul spent his life in a perpetual care to ward off from his wife the danger of being reminded of that dreadful story. It had destroyed his career—that mattered nothing. It had driven him from the world—that mattered nothing, provided his wife was never reminded of it, never made to feel it. Needs must that so terrible a thing should bring a burden and a curse upon the children—Paul accepted it and bore the burden without a murmur or a sigh. And as they lived together among books, and nourishing thoughts sacred and lofty, their home became as a church in which one might fitly meditate, and the conversation was unlike what one heard outside.

They lived in this way for five-and-twenty years. Then the greatest possible misfortune fell upon Paul. For Isabel caught a fever and died. Then Paul began to break up. He was only just past fifty, and should have been in the vigorous enjoyment of his manhood; but he began to fail. In the last months of his life I stayed a great deal with him, and he talked freely about his old ambitions and their sudden end.

"I am sure," he said, "that I did right in giving all up. Sooner or later Isabel would have found out—would have been made to feel, somehow—that other people knew the truth. In such a case the only safety lies in flight."

"But if you had stayed, your own career was certain."

"Perhaps: with the explanation, whenever my name was mentioned, 'You know, I suppose, that he married Sir Robert Byrne's daughter.' And she would have heard it."

"Tell me," I said, "who were the residents of the village—the people we met at dinner—"

"I do not know. Why do you ask?"

Evidently Isabel knew nothing of them. Perhaps, after all, the wicked old man lied about them.

"I am glad to think," Paul went on, "that we never met any of them afterwards, because perhaps they knew. Thank God! never, never for a moment after the marriage did Isabel feel that her father's sins were visited upon her."

"Why, Paul," I said, "they were; but you shifted the burden to your own shoulders and bore it for her. Did Isabel ever learn why you left London?"

"No, she never knew and she never suspected. The man, Brundish, died a very little while after—of drink, I believe."

"And you never regretted all that you lost?"

"Never—not for a moment. What is it that I ever gave up for Isabel's sake? Why, she has done far, far more for me than I ever did for her. There is something better than ambition, my friend. Isabel gave me that, in return for the burden which, as you say, I shifted to my own shoulders. It pleases me now to think of what I might have become; but if all were to be done over again, I would have it as it has been."

What it was that Isabel gave him and did for him I do not know, for I did not ask, and now I shall never learn, because he is dead.

WALTER BESANT.

From The Fortnightly Review.  
THE FUTURE OF THE PEERAGE.

A MODERATE Liberal—it would be cruel to call him a Whig—summed up his late stump experiences in the remark that "the platform was always behind the pit." In denouncing the House of Lords, he had doubtless said rather more than he meant, and was alarmed to find every violent expression cheered to the echo and beyond it. The popular echo dropped, as usual, every qualifying particle, was deaf, as echoes are, to every hint of caution or compromise. In thirty years' experience I never knew it otherwise.

Candor and moderation are not popular, still less party virtues. But in the present instance the impetuosity of the Radical auditory seems a significant fact, the alarm of the speakers more significant still. Most significant of all is the open avowal of revolutionary convictions by rising, practical, and capable men. We know beforehand for the most part what Mr. Bright and even what Mr. Forster will probably say. Mr. Morley falls short of the high authority of the one, and lacks the experienced statesmanship of the other. But he has at once the historical knowledge of a scholar, the enlightenment of a cultivated gentleman, and that political insight which is acquired only by direct and frequent contact with popular audiences and great constituencies. He knows much of the temper of the multitude; still more, perhaps, of the mood and the ideas of those whom a practical electioneer described as the non-commissioned officers of Liberalism — Dissenting ministers and deacons, trades-union leaders, caucus delegates, and men of local influence. He knows well, if less intimately, the views of Liberal statesmen. He is ambitious, practical, and clear-sighted. Such a man must see his way to leadership in the future before he severs himself from the leaders of the present. What he thinks is much less noteworthy than what he says and how he says it. When he formally pledged himself to the abolition of a second chamber, he spoke not only his theoretical belief but that which seems to him the winning opinion — the future creed at least of the extreme left, if not of the whole Liberal party. The more extreme the paradox, the more significant its utterance. Mr. Morley knows quite as well as I, if he do not feel as deeply, the weight of tradition and authority, of reason and experience, he has chosen to defy. With the universal adoption of double and the all but invariable failure of democratic single assemblies against him — with the hideous record of French Conventions, the weighty examples of successful republics and constitutional monarchies, the history of Rome and England, the authority of America, and the final choice of France herself to explain away, he must have profound faith in the insensibility of the English democracy to historical evidence; a devout and confident belief not merely in the superficial, popular passion of the moment, but in a deep and strong undercurrent of popular conviction before which all authority and all experience will be

swept away. He may be wrong; I hope and believe he is; but he has one strong point in his favor. Caution and compromise are the ideas of an aristocracy, or a middle class accustomed to aristocratic leadership. Founded on a first principle, based on strict logic, a democracy is swayed by first principles and logical deductions. An English middle class would never dispense with an institution that worked well. It is most difficult to convince the new, inexperienced electorate that an institution can work well which is demonstrably illogical and theoretically absurd. The name of "privilege" is as odious to a sovereign many as to a Stuart monarch. I hold Mr. Morley's powers of advocacy in too much respect to anticipate his argument by a reply. When he shall have stated his case against the experience of ages and the common judgment of mankind, I may perhaps ask leave to criticise it. For the present I only commend his declaration to the notice of those who have rashly undertaken to pull down the oldest of existing institutions — the throne excepted — on the assumption that they would be permitted to reconstruct or replace it.

Mr. Morley's position is clear and tenable. There are many who share his views without his frankness, who seek by degrading its authority, or curtailing its functions, indirectly to reduce our second chamber to a nullity. Others, thinking it inadequate to its functions, or incompatible with a democratic constitution, would reform or reconstruct it. But all these together form probably a small minority of the Liberal party. The majority, like myself, think a second chamber indispensable. They are even less prepared than I to undertake its reconstruction. Upon a trivial issue, a point of procedure, a question of time, and a very short time, they were prepared to shatter to the foundations the credit and prestige, the remaining power and independence upon which rest its usefulness, its popularity, and its authority. They seemed to regard a wholesale creation of peers with complacency, as an ordinary constitutional resource. It is nothing of the kind. It is not constitutional, even in the sense in which a refusal of supplies, the exercise of the royal veto, or repeated dissolutions like those of the Stuarts, may be called constitutional. If it were even legal, it belongs at the best to that class of extreme measures which are our substitute for barricades and *pronunciamientos*, insurrection, and civil war. The House of

Commons *can* withhold supplies at the cost of paralyzing government, dissolving the army and police, leaving the nation defenceless, and disorganizing society. The sovereign *can* "reserve for consideration," in the courteous formula of former kings and modern viceroys, a measure recommended by her ministers and passed by both Houses. But these are measures of extremity, justifiable only by conditions such as elsewhere would justify a resort to arms. A creation of peers, if less violent than the former, is legally and constitutionally more questionable than either. There is but one precedent, and that is all but decisive against it. One minister only in English history has advised his sovereign to create peers for the purpose of coercing the House of Lords. That advice formed the strongest count in the impeachment of Lord Oxford—an impeachment which broke down only because the earl was charged with high treason on very flimsy pretexts, and his peers properly insisted on dealing first and separately with the capital charge. But for that accident, the formal judgment of both Houses would have pronounced a wholesale creation of peers unconstitutional, criminal, and punishable. The so-called precedent of 1831-2 is nowise available. Lord Grey and Lord Brougham confessed that their advice was unconstitutional; a revolutionary threat ventured to avert revolution, and ventured in the conviction that it would not be executed. Lord Grey pleaded the old Roman justification of unconstitutional measures, "Caveant consules ne quid detrimenti res-publica capiat," or in more accurate and familiar phrase, "Salus populi summa lex." Every point in his case is a point against Mr. Gladstone. There is no peril that he has not himself created. The nation was then united against the Lords, it is now divided. Lord Grey had just dissolved, and obtained an overwhelming majority in favor of the measure rejected by the Lords. The peace of the country was in extreme danger. The king, properly, as has been always held, refused Lord Grey's advice. The minister resigned. The chief of the opposition peers was called on to form a government, and failed. Not till then, when every constitutional resource had been tried in vain, was Lord Grey's advice accepted. To make a parallel case, Mr. Gladstone must first have dissolved on the Franchise Bill, the one thing he was challenged and declined to do. He must have resigned, and Lord Salisbury must

have confessed his inability to form a government. In either case it is well known that the Lords would yield at once. Finally, the historical composition of the Upper House is now the exact opposite of what it was in 1831. After sixty years of Tory domination, nearly all the bishops, and nearly all the peers created in the two last reigns were *then* Tory nominees. Now, after fifty years of Liberal ascendancy, most of the bishops, and one hundred and eighty-one out of two hundred and fifty peers of recent creation, owe their seats to Liberal premiers. Lord Grey proposed to redress a loaded balance; Mr. Gladstone would throw new weight into the already loaded scale. Lord Grey avowedly used a revolutionary threat to avert revolution. His would-be imitators would perpetrate revolution to avoid, or rather to postpone for a few months, the dissolution of a Parliament in its sixth session.

A critic to whom I always listen with respect has said, in commenting on my last article, that the Conservative forces of society are weakened by the separate existence of the Upper House. This is true. Two chambers can never be severally as strong as one. Either the representative assembly is weakened, as in America, by the concentration of intellect and ambition in the Senate, or national Conservatism is weakened by the withdrawal of its foremost representative and hereditary chiefs from the Chamber in which political power and practical discussion are more and more concentrated. This has been strikingly evident of late, as, for reasons into which I cannot here inquire, the two Houses have diverged more widely than usual, representing the divergence of educated and uneducated opinion. The Liberals have never been so weak in the Lords, the Tories seldom so weak in debating power in the Commons. Since Lord Beaconsfield's elevation, our political struggles have been battles between shark and tiger, elephant and whale. The death of the late Lord Cranborne was the heaviest blow that the Tory party has received since the secession of the Peelites. An old marquisate, a great fortune, the headship of an historical family, have added something no doubt to his authority and influence—the Marquis of Salisbury is a greater man than Lord Robert Cecil; but his increased strength is applied at infinitely less advantage, I might say at the wrong end of the lever. Intellectual ability, governing capacity, statesmanship, debating force, even oratorical power, are

not unequally divided between the two parties, save for the accident of Mr. Gladstone's prolonged political life. But the force of the one party is concentrated in the lower, that of the other almost absorbed in the upper House. Lord Selborne and Lord Granville are as completely overmatched as Sir Stafford Northcote. It may be said that the leaders in both Houses speak not to the House but to the country. True; but it is no small misfortune to the country that they never meet: that ministerial commoners and Tory peers alike speak to the country through a convinced majority, and in the absence of their rivals. Even the etiquette of Parliament is a serious embarrassment to real intellectual encounter, as may be seen by Mr. Gladstone's complaint that his greatest antagonist attacks him where he cannot reply. But the chief disadvantage falls on the Tories. Partly from the necessity of the case, partly from a strategy for which it would be waste of time to reproach the ministry, all first-rate legislative questions are virtually decided, or all but decided, before they reach the Lords. Bills of importance are introduced exclusively in the Commons; the subject is threshed out, public opinion is formed, before the ablest critics of the opposition have a chance of dealing with them. Professional advocates attach great value to the reply, but Lord Salisbury replies when Mr. Gladstone's opening of the case and summing up are almost forgotten, while their impression remains; speaks to a jury which has made up its mind and is almost weary of the subject. No politician doubts that the Lords could spare Lord Salisbury; while the presence of Lord Robert Cecil on the speaker's left would be worth more than twenty seats to the Tory party in the Commons and in the country. Such a price, however, must always be paid for the existence of a second chamber. The dignity and security of a senate will always attract a disproportionate number of Conservative leaders. Essentially and necessarily the Conservative chamber, the strength of Conservatism will always centre there.

The Conservative bias of the peers, after fifty years of Liberal power and patronage, is a significant fact. It only reflects the growth of Conservatism, as now defined, among the educated classes at large. The line of party division is constantly shifting. The changing current of opinion leaves statesman after statesman, school after school, interest after interest, class after class, high and

dry on the Conservative side. The democratic Liberalism of to-day would, twenty years ago, have passed for rank and extreme Radicalism. The Conservatism of Lord Carnarvon and Sir Stafford Northcote differs little from the Liberalism of Lord Palmerston; and not merely the survivors of that day, who may naturally be sobered by age, but a great body—I might say the great bulk of moderate middle-class society—which was then Liberal, has now, without changing its opinions, become in a party sense Conservative. There is surely strong reason that the separate views and interests of the educated classes, the Conservative instincts of property, culture, capital, the *vis inertia* which is so powerful an element of English public opinion, should find distinct expression in Parliament. Under household suffrage they are certain to be under-represented, and not unlikely to be swamped. The altered tone and temper of the House of Commons shows how wide is the divergence between the old and the new electorate; and when the Franchise Bill is passed, the latter will control, and can at pleasure almost monopolize, the representative chamber. Numbers alone are hereafter to be represented in the House of Commons; but numbers are not the sole, nor perhaps the principal, constituent of public opinion. If Parliament is truly to represent that opinion, if due weight is to be given to intelligence and property, to culture, political knowledge, and experience, have we not need of a chamber which shall not be elective, or at least in whose election mere numbers shall not preponderate? The inherent Conservative bias of an hereditary senate is after all an imperfect counterweight to the over-representation of the Radical, mobile, active elements of society in a democratic House of Commons. If the Peers are somewhat more Conservative than the bulk of the upper and middle classes, the Commons are of necessity more Radical than the community. Weight multiplied by motion is the measure of force. The party of movement is ever too strong, stronger in political power than in moral or social weight or even in numbers; and some artificial counterpoise is needed if Parliament is really to reflect the character or give effect to the collective will of the nation. Upon many delicate and perhaps dangerous questions—teetotal and other moral legislation, compulsory vaccination, exciting issues of foreign policy—the new electorate is perilously unsound. Its tendency is, if

its action has not yet been, diametrically opposite to the almost unanimous weight of educated thought, experience, and authority, entirely irrespective of party. Have we not, then, grave need of a chamber which shall express on all questions, social as well as political, administrative as well as legislative, the caution, the conservative instincts, the practical prudence, the respect for experience, the distrust of theories and phrases, which characterize cultivated and leisurely political thought; which are the especial virtues of a governing aristocracy? Can a house returned by a vast majority of one class fully represent the public opinion of a society like our own? America thinks not, France thinks not. Conservative Germany and Liberal Italy alike believe in the necessity of powerful checks and balances, under conditions much more stable, in a polity decidedly less democratic than ours is likely to be.

The political services of the House of Lords are vastly underrated. Violent party measures like the Irish Land Acts apart, the Education Act is almost confessedly the last valuable achievement of the Commons. The great legal reforms of late years have emanated from the Peers. They have given us a vastly improved law of landed property, and reforms in the law affecting married women which I distrust and dislike, but which Liberal opinion strongly approves. They would, but for the House of Commons, have given us a criminal and perhaps a civil code. Their committees on private business are much more respected and trusted than those of the Lower House. Their judicial functions are of the highest value. Our judges are and must be excluded from the House of Commons. The presence in Parliament of such men as Lord Cairns, Lord Selborne, Lord Coleridge, and Lord Bramwell is invaluable—I might say indispensable—to sound and judicious legislation. As judges they are kept in touch of the practical working of the law; as legislators they can amend without fear of confusing its practice or tampering with its principles. The authority they wield in the Upper House may ere long be needed to arrest Parliamentary interference with judicial questions; a danger which, after our experience of the Orton and Maamtrasna cases can hardly be exaggerated. Yet they neither could nor ought to sit by popular election, or in a chamber chiefly occupied with mere "party politics."

Great as would be the political revolu-

tion involved in any radical change in the powers and privileges of the Peers, the social consequences would be graver yet, extend more widely, and be more deeply felt. The political question has as yet received very inadequate attention; the social problem has seemingly never occurred to any of the agitators, and, perhaps, to few of their opponents. The British peerage is the basis of our social organization. It preserves, and has preserved us for ages, at once from a plutocracy and a caste nobility, the respective curses of democratic America and military and bureaucratic Europe. In America, wealth is almost the only object of ambition, the only means of social distinction. Social and political corruption are the inevitable consequences. Politicians without rank, necessarily living and aspiring to rank with men far richer than themselves, are exposed to temptations long unknown among us. In the absence of an hereditary class of public men, either rich or independent of riches, politics almost inevitably become a trade; and where politics are a trade, money naturally becomes the end and reward of politicians. The utter rottenness of Washington political society during the last twenty years is imperfectly understood in this country. The corruption of State and local politics is something incomparably worse; worse, perhaps, than in the worst days of the last Stuarts. With us there are nobler objects and higher distinctions than mere wealth can give. The *parvenu* millionaire sees something above him, objects to be attained only by an honorable career, by personal integrity, by an honest and even noble use of his wealth. The professions are ennobled in every way by the great prizes which the peerage holds out to their leaders; and the peerage rests on its Parliamentary privilege. This has prevented it from becoming a caste. The new noble, taking rank in the House from his capacity and character, becomes the veritable peer of the Howards and Herberts. He shares their proudest privilege, that fundamental distinction from which all others derive value. Abolish that, and the character of the peerage is radically altered. New titles become worthless; the queen can make a baron or an earl, but no longer a "peer of England." Between the old historic and the new tinsel titles there lies an impassable gulf—the gulf between reality and sham. The names which mean that a man's fathers were peers while England had a peerage will be the

only true and valued badge of social rank, and their bearers become a caste nobility; a caste, because they can never be recruited from below — no sovereign can make a Talbot or a Stanley, a new Earl of Pembroke or Marquis of Exeter; a nobility, because, when the eldest brother no longer enjoys an exclusive and invaluable privilege, the younger will virtually share his rank; when the chief of a house ceases to be a peer, the cadets will no longer become mere commoners — will no longer be merged in the masses, or spurred to fight their way back to their ancestral rank. Soldiers and statesmen, lawyers and diplomats, will no longer look to a peerage as the highest of all rewards — a reward neither empty nor sordid; an honor shared by their wives and transmitted to their children. With this degradation of the highest titles, the loftiest traditional honors, all mere honorary distinctions — stars and ribands, knighthoods and medals, finally even the Cross of Valor itself — will lose their value. Let cynics and demagogues sneer as they may, that will be an evil day for the nation when public service and professional merit can be rewarded only by money or by office. The peerage, the red ribbon, the tinsel star and bronze cross, while they retain their meaning, are worthier prizes than pensions and subscription purses, appeal to nobler feelings than those which are excited by the hope of "substantial" gain. America lost much by renouncing the power of conferring personal and visible distinction, recognized and valued reward, over those who served her well. This error has contributed to the low tone of her whole public life, of her professions and her politics. The nation had double cause to regret that it could mark its gratitude to General Grant only by the gift of a fortune — paltry compared with those of stockjobbers and contractors — and a presidential nomination, which entangled him in the toils of faction. Both the office and the man were damaged thereby. The soldier made a bad president, and gathered round him a corrupt and degraded court. Every element of transatlantic society would be other and nobler than it is if Grant, MacClellan, Sherman, Sheridan and Hancock, Farragut and Dahlgren, not to say Lee and Longstreet, Semmes and Wade Hampton, had received a visible rank, a public station due to their services alone, satisfying the national conscience, and raising them above the intrigues and even the support of faction; if lawyers and civilians looked

for reward not to a party, but to the nation incarnate in its chief magistrate, not to political manoeuvring, but to the performance of public and professional duty.

We cannot abolish birth, we cannot divest it of social influence. It must always confer rank; and when that rank ceases to be open to all, when it is no longer the aim of legitimate ambition, it becomes the object of unworthy envy and jealous animosity. A plutocracy that cannot be ennobled, a nobility that cannot be recruited, are still great powers, but powers rather for evil than for good. It has been our happy fortune that wealth has been hitherto sought less for its own sake than for the gradual access it gave to the best society and the highest rank; that nobility has been the hereditary privilege of a very few, the open hope of all ambitious and able men, the possible reward of every great career. The peerage and the aristocracy have never been identified. Untitled men of the highest birth, new nobles self-raised from the ranks, merchant princes and county families, the heads of the professions and the chiefs of great houses, have been merged in one great, open, universal, and deservedly respected aristocracy. To break up that aristocracy, to close it against judges and prelates, soldiers and statesmen, to array the men of new wealth and of ancient birth in rival societies and antagonistic cliques, would be a public misfortune — a misfortune whose consequences would by no means be confined to petty social bickerings, to a confusion of etiquette, to quarrels about precedence, and, in a word, to the dissolution and degradation of what is technically called society. It would deteriorate the whole tone of public life, degrade the professions, demoralize the new wealth that would see no further object of honorable ambition, the old nobility whose chiefs would no longer have a great political position to vindicate, whose younger sons would no longer be stimulated to mingle with their fellow-citizens and fight their way back to the rank of their brothers. The probable abolition of primogeniture would only exacerbate the mischief.

I am far from saying that the House of Lords must, should, or can remain exactly what it is. For one thing, it is too large for its functions. No senate of anything like equal authority, no successful second chamber, is half so numerous. That of America, the only existing rival of the House of Lords, originally numbered but twenty-six, is now under eighty, and

will never probably exceed one hundred. The ordinary work of the House of Lords is actually done by less than the latter number. Of five or six hundred eldest sons there must always be many scores of whom neither parentage, position, nor education can make competent legislators; scores whose tastes are too strong for their political position or their sense of duty; not a few incurably idle or vicious; many who turn their wealth or talents to account in other forms of social leadership or practical usefulness. It is not necessary to the dignity of the peerage that every peer should be a member of Parliament. It is, I hold, essential that the Upper House should be open to every peer ambitious and capable of rendering service there. Representation in the Upper House suffices to give political as well as social importance, weight, and dignity to the peerages of Scotland and Ireland, though under the present system the majority have an absolute monopoly of that representation. It is unfair and almost impudent to call upon the Tory peers to surrender this advantage while no provision is made for the representation of minorities in the Lower House. Still it would become them of their own accord to set the example; and I much misjudge Lord Salisbury if he would not willingly forego the artificial influence he derives from the virtual nomination of representative peers. It would be easy to arrange that every ten, fifteen, or twenty Scotch or Irish peers should unite to return a member of their own order representing their party or their general views. The same principle might be extended to the peerage of the United Kingdom. Fifty, sixty, or eighty lords, each holding the proxies of ten of his peers, would constitute a true House of Lords; reviving in a new form an immemorial privilege of the peerage. They would constitute a better because a less numerous senate; more authoritative, because every one of its members would be a distinguished, a capable, and a working legislator and statesman, because each would represent a solid and substantial power. The rest must enjoy perchance the right now possessed by Irish peers of sitting in the Lower House. The position of the few Scotch nobles excluded from both Houses is exceptional, invidious, and universally regarded as unfair. Were the number not so insignificant, the exclusion could not have been maintained so long. It may seem a bold, and may be called an unconstitutional proposal, that peers who can find a constitu-

ency should enjoy the right of sitting at pleasure in either House; but this privilege is enjoyed by every French and American citizen. Nominated senates and representative chambers, colonial councils and assemblies alike, are open to all. From a party standpoint the Radicals can hardly like my proposal. It threatens them with the formidable rivalry of candidates sure to be popular even with the democracy of the great towns, with a class of county members whose individual and collective weight will be even greater than that at present, conferred by the choice of constituencies — next to the universities, the city of London, and two or three great commercial centres — the most respected in the country. But democrats cannot decently declare against equality of privilege, or pretend to limit the choice of the constituencies. Something they must concede to the Lords, if the Lords concede so great a point as the reconstruction of their House. And all classes of Englishmen may well be willing to sacrifice their own preferences, to accept a large compromise of principle, in order to preserve those vast social advantages which England has derived from the peculiar character of her limited nobility and open aristocracy.

PERCY GREGG.

From Belgravia.

#### DELPHINE.

#### AN EPISODE.

#### CHAPTER I.

"There is a greater unhappiness than the memory of lost joys—it is the thought of joys that might have been."

A LONG room, from which every ray of light had been carefully excluded, making it on this hot June morning a delightful contrast to the glaring sunshine without, which the scarlet geraniums bordering the white marble terrace seemed to reflect and intensify. Its charm consisted in great part in the contrast, for the room itself, though well-proportioned, was somewhat bare, and the furniture it did possess was, to modern ideas, a little wanting in taste. There was a foreign stiffness about the rather massive furniture, and no books or work to give it the semblance of being a room that was lived in. The one pleasing object amid the surrounding stiffness and antiquity was the girl who stood in a white embroidered wrapper, arranging cream-colored roses in a large

blue china bowl. She was not beautiful, scarcely even pretty, except with the evanescent prettiness of youth. But there was a charm about her slight, graceful figure and small, dark head, such a soft look in the grey, black-lashed eyes, that those who knew her forgot to question whether Delphine St. Croix were beautiful or not. So absorbed was she in her task that the opening of the door passed unobserved, and she gave a slight start at the touch of the hand on her arm.

"Mother! I did not see you."

There was not much resemblance in this case between mother and daughter. Madame St. Croix was a tall woman, with straight features, which yet bore witness of beauty. Her black hair was growing very grey, much greyer than her years warranted, and there were lines which betokened care and trouble on her forehead and about the eyes, which were like Delphine's, only hard and cold, where the girl's were soft and dewy. In her hand she held two letters, and, as she sat down, Delphine glanced towards them, and the slightest change passed over her face, but whether of pain or pleasure, annoyance or relief, it would have been impossible to say. But when it had passed, there was left a slight questioning look in the grey eyes, and she did not continue to arrange her roses, but paused by her mother's side as if in expectation.

"Yes, I have a letter from Monsieur d'Esterre," said madame, as if in reply to the look. "He writes that he is obliged to go to Paris to-night, and that he will be absent a week; he therefore begs to be allowed to come over this afternoon. There," holding out the envelope, "you may read it for yourself."

Delphine read it obediently, but made no comment as she handed it back to her mother.

"It is a very good marriage," madame continued, as Delphine remained silent. "You are no longer a child, you must know that your father is not rich. And with such a family—three sons, and Juliette ready to leave the convent next year—truly I have many anxious moments. Monsieur d'Esterre," after a moment's imperceptible pause, "asks for no *dot*."

"It is great good fortune," Delphine answered, "and you will no longer have so much need for anxiety, will you, dear mother?" kissing her.

Something of softness crept into madame's cold eyes as she returned her daughter's embrace.

"If we had been richer," she said, "of

course I should have preferred that you should have gone into the world, even for one year; but situated as we are ——"

"It is impossible. Yes, I know it, mother. There," kissing her again, "smooth the lines out of your forehead."

Even Madame St. Croix's coldness and hardness sometimes melted a little under Delphine's soft, caressing ways. Perhaps there was a meeting-place in the fact that in all her small world Delphine was the only person who stood in no awe of her. Her servants, her children, nay, her very husband, all shrank from offending her; her chill sternness was more effective than passion. Delphine, alone, seemed unaware of the distance she interposed between herself and the world. It was not that she put herself in opposition to her mother's will more than any one else, but the obedience was different. It was tendered willingly, with soft caresses and gentle speeches, and though the world saw therein but the natural effect of a strong will acting on a weak one, madame herself was not deceived. She recognized the love which showed itself in her daughter's tenderness, and clung to the caresses as only a woman can to whom all demonstrations of affection seem impossible.

"I was just forgetting," she went on a moment later, "that I have another letter, which I have brought for you to read, as it concerns you also. It is from Mrs. Chichester. It seems," she went on, "that an old schoolfellow of yours is staying at Les Tilleuls, and Mrs. Chichester writes to ask if I will allow you to go to them for three days. Would you like it?"

A swift color came into the girl's pale cheeks.

"Oh, mother!" and then the excitement dying out a little, "do you really permit it? It would be a great pleasure."

"Then I shall say yes," replied madame quietly. "Under the circumstances—Monsieur d'Esterre going away for a week—it fits in so well, that I do not care to deny you. I can trust you," she added, "implicitly. I cannot go myself, you will have to go alone, but you will, I am sure, do as I would wish you to do in my absence, and be a model of discretion."

"Yes, you may trust me," Delphine replied. "Thank you, dear mother, it is very good of you to allow it."

Les Tilleuls was a large place some fourteen miles away, at present occupied by an English family.

They had come at first, these Chichesters, with the avowed determination of teaching a large family French, but as time passed they seemed to have fallen in love with their foreign home, and for three years now had formed part of the small society of the neighborhood. French mothers had, at first, feared the constant coming and going of visitors at the neighboring château; the tennis, and afternoon teas, with, what seemed in their eyes, very inadequate chaperonage. But, in course of time, kind-hearted Mrs. Chichester's hospitality became better understood and appreciated, and, provided they themselves were present to prevent any indiscretions, their daughters were permitted to share in all that went on. And this last year things had been quieter; the eldest and only grown-up daughter was engaged to a tall young Englishman, who drove her about the country in a basket carriage, to the consternation of the French matrons; and now Richard, the son, who had also caused a certain fluttering in French dovecots, had gone across the Channel, after all, for a bride, and this last pair of *fiancés* were now at Les Tilléuls. And it was to stay with these people that Delphine St. Croix was invited; and perhaps, had it not been for certain considerations and an undefined sensation of gratitude, Madame St. Croix would not have written an acceptance of the invitation she held in her hand.

But, after all, a great fact was settled, and almost unknown to herself, more easily than she had expected. Monsieur had such decided views on the subject of matrimony that there had been clouds on the horizon, which she was glad to know were all cleared away, by that willing yes of Delphine's.

She merited, therefore, some slight reward for her amiability, though unconscious she was, and should remain; and if this prospect of three days at Les Tilléuls with an old schoolfellow was delightful, as from that quick flush of color seemed to be the case, well, then she should go. So madame went away to write her letter, and Delphine was left to arrange her roses.

But her thoughts were less calm than they had been.

Her mind was running on the two letters; perhaps with greater persistency on the last, which seemed to her to open a great vista of possible enjoyment. She had never slept away from home for a night, except those two years in the Paris convent, and she had never been any-

where without her mother's protective presence. This, in itself, gave to the prospect of the approaching visit a sense of excitement.

"It was very good of Edith Fane to remember me, and to wish to see me. I am glad to think we shall meet."

Then, of a sudden, as she stood thus in a reverie, the thought of Monsieur d'Estelle returned to her, and assumed a more prominent position in her memory than it had yet done.

"It is a good thing," she thought, her hands unclasping and falling slowly to her sides, the little smile dying away from eyes and lips. "How pleased my mother is!—Ah, there is father."

At the farther end of the long drawing-room a door stood open, which led into a bright little conservatory, and through its glass walls was visible the stout, comfortable figure of a middle-aged gentleman, clad in a cream-colored linen coat, a broad hat on his head, a cigar between his lips. With a quick, light step, Delphine hastened down the long room—she had a peculiarly graceful way of walking—and passing through the conservatory, opened the door at the farther end, and regardless of the strong morning sun, which shone broadly down on her bare head, hurried after the retreating figure. When one saw Monsieur St. Croix, one instinctively comprehended why madame's hair was so grey, and the lines on her strong face so marked. The waters of life might ripple about monsieur's feet, and, perhaps, occasionally with their chillness remind him he was living in a world of trouble, but they would never rise up and drown him.

The large family, with its present wants and future prospects, did not alarm him. Madame's anxieties found no reflection on his kind face; all he cared for was that these children so dearly loved should love him, should cling to him in their joys and sorrows. And if at the price of what Madame termed "injudicious indulgence" he had gained that for which he craved, he was willing to let the rest go by. And perhaps, if a great summing up had been made, it would have been discovered that he had more nearly gained his heart's desire than madame had succeeded in doing. Love's harvest is generally swifter and richer than that of most other earthly things.

"Delphine, my dear child," turning his head at the sound of her voice. "What folly—you will have a sunstroke to a certainty. Come under my umbrella,"

holding out towards her the large white mushroom. Delphine crept under its shelter, and laid her hand upon her father's arm, lifting the while her dainty white embroidered gown, with its fluttering yellow ribbons.

"I wish to speak to you, father, to tell you — but perhaps you know?" interrogatively.

Monsieur took out his cigar, but he did not look at his daughter, only paused, as if for something further.

"Mrs. Chichester has asked me to Les Tilleuls for a week, and mother has given me permission to go."

Monsieur slowly replaced his cigar, and turned towards his daughter, as if this was not what he expected.

"It will be for three whole days. Oh, father, is it not delightful! You don't mind," smiling a little tenderly, "my saying I am glad to go away, but it is such an excitement, such a pleasure. I never dreamed she would allow me to go."

"Yes, dear, yes, I am sure I am very glad. And Monsieur d'Esterre's letter — she showed you that?"

"Yes," and it seemed as if Delphine crept yet closer to her father. "You are pleased, are you not? I am to see him this afternoon, and then, as he is going away for a week, mother seemed to think I might as well spend these three days at Les Tilleuls."

"Remember, Delphine," — monsieur stood still and spoke very decidedly — "remember, I have only given Monsieur d'Esterre permission to come over and see you. If you do not like the idea of marrying him — if even you prefer to wait before making up your mind — you are quite at liberty to do so. Come to me, and tell me frankly what you want. It is not exactly what I wish: I should have preferred waiting until you were older, but your mother thinks differently. Still, you will trust me, will you not, and tell me exactly what you would like. Remember always we are pledged to nothing."

"You are so good, dear father," she answered gently, "so very kind. I like Monsieur d'Esterre, and I am sure when I know him better, I shall learn to love him. It is what you would like, is it not?"

"I should like you to be happy — that is all I care about."

"You are so very good," she again repeated. "What a pity it is that all the money is not given to the good people, then you would be rich, ah, very rich!"

"The wicked perhaps want it more."

"No, they have nothing else," assented Delphine. "Still, you would make better use of it. Well, there is no good thinking of it; instead, I must go and talk to Marie about what I shall require at Les Tilleuls."

She moved away so quickly that she had nearly reached the conservatory door before Monsieur St. Croix had realized her departure. But it was too late to do more than wave the white cotton umbrella in frantic but vain appeal.

"You will die of sunstroke," he called out; but Delphine only turned her head, and waved her hand, to show she heard. To attempt to save her from her fate was vain, so with a shrug of his shoulders Monsieur St. Croix replaced the protective umbrella over his white straw hat, and philosophically pursued his own interrupted walk.

It was nine o'clock; the long summer's day had drawn to a close, the windows stood wide open on to the terrace, and a refreshing little breeze, that had risen after sunset, stole in, waving the light curtains to and fro. Outside, the spark of a cigar showed where Monsieur St. Croix wandered back and forth on the terrace; inside madame sat, book in hand, though it may be doubted if she were reading or stealthily watching Delphine, who stood straight and still by the open window. The day's work was done, no evil *contretemps* had occurred, and madame was sincerely thankful.

She had vaguely feared, she knew not exactly what. But Monsieur d'Esterre's visit had been successful, and Delphine, dreaming there in the darkened corner of the room, was doubtless contemplating a possible future, visible from this point at which she had arrived, the point where the two roads met.

Madame was nearly right.

Delphine, secure in the knowledge of her father's absence, and of her mother's book, had allowed her thoughts to wander at will. She was going over in memory the eventful visit of the afternoon. Monsieur d'Esterre was no stranger to her; though as his home lay at a wide distance from hers, and also, perhaps, because his years were more than double her own, their meetings had been at long intervals, and then they had been the meetings between a man and a child. He had lived much in Paris, had been a man of the world when Delphine was toddling about the gardens of Véziray; but now that he had reached the forties, and to take a wife

seemed a wise step before settling down into a country gentleman, his thoughts had reverted to the daughter of his old friend, St. Croix, to the girl whom once or twice he had met at his sister's house, on the rare occasions when the convent had granted a holiday, and busy, fashionable Madame de Viléron had remembered, and taken advantage of, the fact.

It was a year, now, since Delphine had seen him last; it had been on one of those rare occasions, and madame, having fetched the girl, had forthwith remembered an important, but previously forgotten afternoon engagement, and during her absence had given her guest into her brother's charge. It had been a very happy time, Delphine recalled. It had been passed in the schoolroom with the English governess, and the two little De Vilérons, who had all enjoyed the unaccustomed gaiety.

They had had tea, a meal which Monsieur d'Esterre had asked permission to share, declaring that it was unknown to him, and in his sober fashion he had thrown himself into the amusements of the little party, and they had all laughed and talked, and forgotten time and madame, until she herself, radiant in diamonds and pale roses, had looked in on her way to a dinner party to say good-bye to her guest, and kiss her children, and thank her brother for the two hours, for which she was really grateful. "And, *tiens, Louis,*" she had added, as he put her into her carriage, "when the hour comes for you to settle down, you might look farther for a bride, and not find one half as suitable. A well-brought-up girl is Delphine St. Croix. No Parisian airs and graces, but a nice girl, who will make a good, sweet wife."

Monsieur d'Esterre had laughed, but he had returned to the schoolroom, and had remained there until a maid informed mademoiselle that it was time for her to start homewards. All this was an unforget-  
otten event in Delphine's uneventful life; and now, to-day, here was Monsieur d'Esterre telling her that he had fallen in love with her then. And it was on the memory of that evening that she was now building up for herself a happy future. For no idea of self-pity mingled with her thoughts, no sensation of martyrdom. She had always, when the idea of marriage presented itself, pictured something of this sort, and it even seemed to her, though in a minor degree, that great good fortune was hers. As her mother had said, there were not many men who would

marry her without a fortune, and everything was wanted for Henri and Jean and Edouard, those three brothers who were in the army, and who required so much more money than was necessary for a girl; to say nothing of Juliette, that other daughter, for whom a place must also be made by-and-by. But if she did not object, or, at least, if she accepted everything as it came, she was not enthusiastic. And that could scarcely be expected.

The ideal husband, chosen from the heights of experience, after the burden and heat of the day, for a daughter, is perhaps not the ideal husband the daughter at seventeen would choose for herself.

But in this case it had never entered the daughter's head to picture herself choosing, and she was, in a calm, unemotional way, grateful for the turn of fortune's wheel that had granted her so much.

Perhaps her dreams would have been different had she known madame's relief that her decision had met with no opposition—monsieur's relief, that no clashing of wills was ordained to take place; his gratitude that after all his determination to brave his wife, for his daughter's sake, no such terrible ordeal was expected of him. In that case she would have seen herself from another point of view. But then, perhaps fortunately, very few of us know our own power.

No more striking difference could easily be imagined than that which existed between Véritay and Les Tilleuls, and through Delphine St. Croix's heart shot a little pang, loyal though she was to the home she loved so well, as she drove in the level evening sunshine under the sweet-scented limes, the following day.

Perhaps it was the swift change of scene, all compressed into one short afternoon, that made the contrast more vivid.

It was only a couple of hours since she had left her own home by the moss-grown, narrow drive, on either side cows wandering about the fields, that stretched almost up to the very windows of the château. Fields were more profitable than a garden; they could even, if need were, be let. As it was, the cows that fed there were not Monsieur St. Croix's, but belonged to a neighboring farmer. Then after leaving the boundaries of Véritay had come the two hours' drive, terminating in this. The pretty, rose-covered lodge at the entrance gate, then the mile drive over a beautifully kept road, under the thick, crooked branches of the sweet-

scented lindens, to which the place owed its name, and finally the arrival, with a short, solemn French butler, and a tall, grand, English footman to show her in and inform her that madame was on the tennis-ground and had requested that mademoiselle would go there when she arrived.

So mademoiselle, a little nervous at finding herself thus launched as it were, alone, in the great world, followed the tall Englishman through a beautiful room, into a small boudoir, hung with pale blue cretonne, out into the garden — a mass of summer scent and color — along several flower-bordered paths, then through a long, tunnel-like path all arched over with honeysuckle, at the farther end of which was a smooth green lawn, with three or four people moving about, or talking eagerly together.

"I will tell madame," the tall footman said, and turned away, while Delphine stepped a little farther back under the shelter of the protecting honeysuckle.

Confused cries, which conveyed no meaning to her ears, ignorant as she was of the laws of tennis, fell through the still summer air, as she stood watching a man in white flannel and a pretty, fair-haired girl, whom she recalled at once as her old schoolfellow, Edith Fane. Then she became aware that the footman had delivered his message, and that coming towards her with infinite caution was dark-haired Mrs. Chichester, and with her a tall, blond young man, a racket in his hand.

"How are you, my dear? How good of your mother to let you come! You don't play tennis, do you? No, then we will not stop them, you shall have some tea instead. Mr. Miles will bring it to you here. Jeff," turning to her companion, "let me introduce you to Mademoiselle St. Croix. She speaks beautiful English, but you are to forget that fact, and practise your French, which is disgraceful."

Mr. Miles laughed, and forthwith answered that he had no intention of spoiling any one's pleasure by making them listen to the hideous language he made do duty for French; and Delphine smiled, and answered shyly, with a dainty little French accent, that she was accustomed to speak English. Then Mrs. Chichester, feeling she had done quite enough to set them at their ease, told the girl she had letters to send by the post, and that Mr. Miles would take care of her till the game was over, and prepared to depart.

"You had better stay here, it is so hot

on the tennis-ground. Here it is much pleasanter," and Mr. Miles acquiesced.

"I will go and fetch tea and strawberries," he said, "and we will enjoy them here together."

He moved away, and Mrs. Chichester accompanied him for a few steps.

"She is very shy," she murmured, "only just home from a convent, but a sweet girl, I am really fond of her. It would only have made her ten times more uncomfortable if they had stopped playing, and come up to her. As it is, it is much better. She will soon be at her ease with you."

"Yes," interposed the young man, "every one always is. Is it my naturally charming disposition, or —?"

"The cause does not matter, Jeff, as long as we have the effect!"

He laughed, and she smiled at his light words, and turned homewards. In a few minutes he reappeared by Delphine's side, with a small tray, which he placed on a table, under the honeysuckle bower.

It was all so strange to Delphine. The mere fact of finding herself alone — at least to all appearance, for those two active figures scarcely seemed part of the immediate picture — gave her the sensation of something questionable and exciting from its unaccustomedness. And what Mr. Miles interpreted as pretty shyness in one young and unused to society was in reality a nervous dread that she ought to have returned to the house with Mrs. Chichester; that perhaps she had expected it. A quick blush dyed her cheeks when Mr. Miles drew up another chair opposite to her, on the other side of the little table, and he was aware of it, and talked on with the kindly intention of putting her more at her ease.

"I am going to make the tea," he remarked, "because it is an English beverage, so I am sure I shall do it better."

In a little while she had recovered herself, perhaps helped thereto by the feeling how perfectly as a matter of course the *état-à-déte* seemed to him. He talked, not a great deal, but enough to prevent the conversation dying out. He spoke of the Chichesters, of the approaching marriage, and how dull engaged people were to the outside world.

"Mrs. Chichester and I have to make love to each other," he remarked, "and we have to try and pretend that we are not jealous; she is always striving to find some one to amuse me, so that I may not feel such a terrible outsider. Now you will have to try!"

"I am afraid," Miss St. Croix replied demurely, "that I could never amuse any one." And then they both laughed and felt that a step had been taken, and something of the first shyness had vanished.

He noticed that when she smiled, her face, which he had thought rather lacking in brilliance, grew very expressive, and that one ceased to require any beauty when watching how soft and tender were the grey eyes under their finely drawn, straight brows, how pure and clear the complexion, which did not redden with girlish blushes. As for Delphine, to her, this tall, straight young Englishman, clad in white flannel, with his smooth, fair head, and blonde moustache, and forget-me-not blue eyes, was only to be compared to a hero of romance, and the romance was heightened, in her young, ignorant eyes, by this meeting, with no parental eyes looking on, no parental ears listening. Perhaps in the unaccustomedness of the position lay its chief charm. For, after all, shyness is a great drawback to enjoyment, and Delphine did not feel quite at her ease. Though it was most unnecessary, for Jeff Miles was — except for his good looks — but a very ordinary young man. He was a distant relative of Mrs. Chichester, and motherless. In consequence of which sad fact, and also that he was the youngest of a large family, who were all out in the world, absorbed in their own cares and pleasures, he had spent most of his holidays with the Chichesters. He had been a small boy at Harrow when Richard was one of the elders; and now that he was no longer a boy but a lieutenant in a line regiment, as suited his unmoneied condition, his boyish habits clung to him still, and his leave was more often than not spent with these people, whose house had always felt like home in his rather lonely life. Here Mrs. Chichester spoilt and scolded him, as she did her younger son Jack, whose equal in age he was. The girls made use of him frankly, as if he were in reality the brother he seemed; in fact it was the home life which a man needs, and which, if it had not been for these distant connections of his dead mother, he would have missed out of his life altogether. But except for those good looks, which no one could deny, and a certain tender, affectionate manner, which was not manner after all, but the symbol of a kind heart, there was no great brilliance about Jeff Miles. Nothing to cause those little flutterings to Delphine, as to what she should say and how she should say it.

When the impromptu meal came to an end it was suggested by Mr. Miles that they should take a stroll through the garden.

Delphine hesitated, and then admitted she should like it, but had scruples on account of quitting the place where Mrs. Chichester had left her. Her scruples were, however, easily overcome, though it may be doubted if Jeff Miles fairly comprehended that it was to the indefinite chaperonage of the tennis-players that she clung.

"Oh, we will come back and look them up at intervals," he remarked cheerfully. "But before they are tired of playing, we shall have time to walk round the grounds."

"And Mrs. Chichester?" urged Delphine, but faintly.

"Mrs. Chichester?" he repeated. "Oh, she is writing letters, or perhaps asleep. I have never dared inquire what she does from now until dinner-time, but I think she sleeps, and then of course she would not like to be found out. But," he went on a moment later, a fresh idea striking him, "perhaps you are tired? You would like to go in?"

"Oh no," she answered quickly, blushing ever so slightly, "I would much rather stay out here."

And this matter decided, they turned away together, under the arcade of honeysuckle.

There are always subjects on which young people can talk together. Even these two, with the wide difference in their points of view, with the great space that all things had conspired to place between them, found much in common.

They passed through the garden, and on the other side of the house turned away through a little wood, slowly sauntering by the forget-me-not-margined banks of the narrow stream, that meandered slowly through it. It was the same stream that by the time it reached Véziray had become a broad and placid river.

Delphine informed Mr. Miles of this fact, and from that was led on to talk of her home and life, until it surprised her afterwards to remember how much she had told this young stranger, whose name a couple of hours before she had never heard. So the time slipped away, and it was only on his trying to persuade her to enter the little boat that swung lazily about among the water-lilies that it struck either of them to think of time, and to discover, by a reference to Mr. Miles's

watch, that an hour and a half had passed, and that it was six o'clock.

Delphine then grew quiet, and talked very little as they retraced their steps, though Mr. Miles, seeing she was anxious, endeavored to reassure her on the points which he feared might be disturbing her.

"They will either be looking for you to bid you welcome," he remarked, "or they will have learnt that you are in my charge, and, fearing to miss us, will be waiting for us in the garden."

And subsequent events proved he was right, for when they once more entered the rose-bordered paths the two players were discovered — apparently much exhausted by their efforts — under the shelter of a large tree; the woman in a basket chair fanning herself, the man on the grass at her feet.

They rose up as the new comers made their appearance, and Delphine was kissed and welcomed by Miss Fane.

"We did not go to look for you, mademoiselle, because we knew Jeff would take care of you," said Mr. Chichester. "And we were so tired after our game — and we should have been sure to miss you."

"Now, my dear Dick, make no more excuses. It only weakens your case. We were simply hot and lazy, Delphine, and we knew you were in good hands."

This remark was from Miss Fane.

Then the new comers found a place in the little group, and Delphine, refusing a chair, seated herself on a small stool at Miss Fane's feet, and renewed the friendship with her that had begun at the convent. Old schoolfellows had to be discussed, and they were still comparing past and present when a warning bell told them it only wanted half an hour to dinner-time. They sauntered homewards then over the lawn, where the shadows had grown long, Delphine and Edith Fane still together.

"It was very good of you to remember me," Delphine said, "and of Mrs. Chichester to ask me here," smiling softly into tall, fair Miss Fane's face.

"You must think I have a very short memory, Delphine."

"Ah, but just now," Delphine continued, "it was good of you to think of other people."

"Just now?" repeated Miss Fane. "Ah," a light breaking over her, "you mean because I am happy, that I am not likely to think any more of the other people I care about. What a strange idea! No, I have not reached that reckless pitch

of ingratitude yet. Well, I am very glad to see you, and we are only afraid, Dick and I, that you may find it duller than we do. Though, of course, there is Jeff Miles, who is always nice, and will look after you."

"Dull?" repeated Delphine. "Oh no, it will not be dull. I could not sleep last night with excitement. Do you know that it is the very first time I have been away from my mother in my life, except when I was at the convent."

"You are a dear little thing, Delphine," said the other girl kindly. "I am ever so glad to see you again. Here is your room," opening a door into a pretty apartment hung with white and pink, suggestive of youth and rose-colored dreams. "Now there are just five minutes for you to sit down and tell me what you think of Dick." But, after all, it was scarcely Delphine's opinion that Miss Fane seemed anxious to hear, so much as to sing his praises in ears that were willing to listen.

The dinner in the long, cool room, with all the windows open on to the garden, which looked fresh and inviting now that the sun had set and twilight was approaching, was delightful in its novelty.

It was, after all, the novelty principally that attracted.

The light talk, the laughter; it was so different from the stiff meal which a dinner at Véziray represented.

At six o'clock, summer and winter, with madame cold and *distracte* at one end of the table, and monsieur silent also, as a rule, at the other

Sometimes Monsieur le Curé as a rare guest, and sometimes one or other of those three brothers from Paris. They did not stay long, and when they went away again monsieur was more silent, and madame colder and sharper.

She did not herself understand, poor little Delphine, wherein lay the difference, and she blamed herself for the mental comparisons she found herself making; but the charm was there, nevertheless, and she found herself, before dinner was over, being drawn into the magic circle.

"Coffee in the garden?" madame repeated as she rose. "Very well," to her son, who had proposed it. "I will tell James; but do not stay late, for I want some music, and mademoiselle sings, I know. Jeff, you had better get a wrap for mademoiselle, her dress is thin; and you must not catch cold," turning to the girl.

Directly they were outside, the other two at once paired off and disappeared down the garden paths, whilst Delphine, in some trepidation, awaited Mr. Miles with the wrap.

Indeed, when he came with a soft white cloud, she faltered out something about the others having started, and that perhaps they had better return to madame.

But the idea was vetoed at once.

"Oh, we will find them," Mr. Miles replied confidently. "I mean, of course, we could find them, only we are not going to do anything so unkind. But we will go the same way, because it leads to the prettiest walk there is about the house, and we must keep a look-out for the coffee."

The honeysuckle and roses filled the air with delicate perfume as they sauntered from one narrow path to another; overhead the sky grew bluer and darker, and a faint wan crescent moon shewed clear overhead. In the wood where they had wandered by the stream in the afternoon were heard the first experimental trills of a nightingale. It was too soft, too tender, a summer evening for talk. Any light, frivolous commonplaces were out of the question, and so Jeff Miles seemed to feel, for even his conversation had languished.

Of a sudden, turning a corner where a clump of rose-bushes hid what lay in front, they came upon the other couple. They had paused a moment, and were standing, listening to the sweet, rich notes of the hidden singer, Dick with his hand resting lightly on the girl's shoulder, her soft blue eyes looking up into his.

"Promise," he said very low.

What the promise was Delphine neither knew nor cared. Whether it were a trifle of the moment, or some momentous question which might affect the whole future, mattered not to her. Whatever it might be, she read in Edith's blue eyes the consent that was not yet spoken. It was that look she felt and understood. Her own soft dark eyes, faintly troubled, turned towards her companion, and almost instinctively she lightly laid her hand upon his sleeve in warning, and they turned back silently over the lawn by the way they had come, leaving the others ignorant of their departure as of their advent.

"She seems so fond of him," Delphine said, a little wistfully, a moment later.

"And he of her," Jeff commented.

"Yes, yes; I mean that, of course. Do you know, I have never before seen people in love — though that is scarcely

odd, as I have left school only three months."

"And what do you think of them now?" remarked her companion lightly.

"It is a very pretty sight," Delphine said gravely. "It seems a pity —"

"What?" he asked. And then, as she did not immediately reply, "You mean that so many people go without their share? Ah, but that is their own fault."

"Oh no," she answered earnestly. "Don't you think you are wrong? There may be so many reasons that prevent people having their share. It may not be their fault."

"Well, at any rate, it is their misfortune. Though with you," he added a minute later, "things are differently arranged. With us, we take our chance; but with you, it seems to me, you have agreed to forego your heritage."

He noticed that she did not look up when he spoke, but walked a few steps farther, with her eyes bent on the ground, her hands lightly clasped, and he fancied his English had puzzled her. He was about to ask if she had understood, when she lifted her eyes and looked at him; something of pain, something of wonder, in their expression; but whatever he read there, he saw she had understood, and he said nothing further.

"But as for you, you have agreed to forego your heritage."

The words seemed to haunt her, even after they had all found their way back into the drawing-room; and it was not the light talk and laughter to which she was listening, for about her, still, were the silent night, with its sweet scents and hidden nightingale, and crescent moon overhead.

Mrs. Chichester, noticing her *distracte* looks, and fearing she might feel outside the narrow circle of home, came up and asked her to sing, and the request dispelled her dreams. In part, not altogether, for there seemed to her to be a meaning in her tender little songs which she had not before understood; a meaning to which Edith's eyes, when they met Richard Chichester's amid the roses, had given her the key — or had it been Jeff Miles's words? There was a unanimous cry for another when she ceased, and she sang on and on in the darkening room, whilst Mrs. Chichester, hushed by the sweet voice, sat half awake, half dreaming, with closed eyes, and the lovers remained on by the open window, and Mr. Miles by her side, ostensibly to turn over the pages, though of late that had not

been necessary, as lights had been vetoed, and in the gathering darkness Delphine had been obliged to eschew music, and sing only what she could recall by heart.

At last:—

Die Liebe gleicht der Welle  
Die plätschernd sich erhebt,  
Wer weiss, woher sie flüthet,  
Wer weiss wohin sie schwebt?  
Wer weiss ob sie uns schaukelnd  
Nicht sanft zum Hafen bringt;  
Wer weiss, ob sie als Woge  
Nicht unser Schiff verschlingt?

And then, "Nothing more," Mr. Chichester said. "Let that be the last. I have never heard it before, and I think it is lovely, only so sad. Don't sing anything else to put it out of our heads."

"Yes, but you are too young to sing such melancholy things," said Mrs. Chichester, rousing herself.

"Ah, but mademoiselle only sings sad songs to mark the contrast with her youth and happiness."

It was Mr. Chichester who spoke. He and his *fiancée* had drawn into the circle round the piano, where Mr. Miles was lighting the candles, and every one was talking now that the spell was broken.

"Yes," interposed Jeff, "when mademoiselle is old, she will sing gay little songs to recall her youth; now she can afford to play with melancholy."

"Don't play with it," Mrs. Chichester advised, "or perhaps it may fall in love with you, and cling more closely than you care about."

"Yes, mademoiselle, it does not do to tempt the Fates — and music is often their weak point."

"Your mythology is weak, Jeff. The Fates mind their own business. *They are not tempted by music.*"

"What do you mean?" Jeff turned his head in Dick's direction.

"I mean," began Mr. Chichester — and then paused and laughed. "I am not sure that I am not almost as vague as you. But if any one was tempted by music, it was not three ugly old women."

"I think, ignorant as we all are," interposed Edith's gentle voice, "we may safely subscribe to that, and it is too late to look for 'Mangnall's Questions' to-night."

But when the ladies had said good-night, and the men were directing their steps towards the smoking-room, Mr. Chichester paused a moment by young Miles's side, and said quickly, "Now, Jeff, no flirting, you know. They don't understand that sort of thing here."

"No more do I," retorted Jeff indignant.

"No," assented Mr. Chichester, "but still, people sometimes flirt without knowing how, so don't even try to learn here. She is too young, and she would not understand, and would probably imagine you were in earnest, and —"

"Well, and what then?"

It was certainly Jeff's voice, but he was not looking at his tall interlocutor, but straight away towards the moonlit garden.

"And she is engaged," went on the other quietly.

"Engaged?" repeated Jeff, in a startled voice, and his eyes no longer sought the garden. "And to whom?"

"To that eminently respectable elderly gentleman, Monsieur d'Esterre, to whom I introduced you yesterday."

There was one half-second's silence, and then: "It is a cursed shame," the other said.

"Not at all; it is the custom of the country — *voilà tout*, — '*autres pays, autres mœurs.*' The St. Croix are poor, and have a large and expensive family. Monsieur d'Esterre is rich, and, as it appears, in love, and willing to marry mademoiselle without a *dot*. It is a good marriage for her, at least it is important she should think so."

Jeff Miles made no answer, but turned away in silence towards the smoking-room.

It was not until he had filled and lighted his pipe that he resumed his talk, and then it was not at the point where he had broken it off.

Perhaps the night, or the pipe, or it may have been Dick's words, brought wisdom, if wisdom had been lacking; at any rate, in the bright morning sunshine, there was no shadow of the dreaminess that had threatened to envelope Mr. Miles the evening before. Every one was talking and laughing, and offering suggestions for amusement, when Delphine entered the breakfast-room to find herself the last. She blushed a little, and faltered out some excuse, but her words passed unheard, and she slipped quietly into the vacant place by madame's side.

"Ah, here is Delphine," the latter said kindly. "I am going to call you Delphine, dear, you are too young, and you live too near, for me to make a stranger of you."

Then the others, seeing her, smiled and welcomed her, and forthwith proceeded to discuss the possible means of diversion that the day held.

"It is too hot for tennis," Mrs. Chichester averred. "Do let me beg of you to wait till after tea, it will then be far pleasanter."

"I dare say, but do not let us look so far forward," commented Mr. Miles. "It takes the interest out of the day if we are to spend it in supporting life until after tea. Now, now is the great thing; what shall we do *now*?"

"My dear Jeff, yours is not a great soul — the present should be nothing — it should be swallowed up in the future."

"It is a mere mouthful, I dare say, Edith, but still it is worth something," interposed Dick, "and I also should be grateful for a cool suggestion."

"And we are not great souls, but little ones," went on Jeff; "and I vote that we all propose something and take the votes. I propose a picnic."

"The very thing, Jeff. I stand astonished at your promptitude; we all give in, don't we?" looking round. "It saves us even the trouble of thought."

"Agreed, Jeff," began Edith, "only let me beg of you not to let it be far off. On a day like this it would be cruel to expect us to carry provisions to any distance, if we are to enjoy them afterwards."

"We will not, Edith; we will put them into the boat and go a little bit down the stream, and eat them wherever time and opportunity occur. Dear Mrs. Chichester, have you a pie, a chicken — something that your hungry family may take away with them? Remember, it is buying peace for the whole day."

"I will see what can be done, though I am sure you would all be far cooler at home. A picnic on a hot day is a miserable affair."

"The only possible consolation is, that it would be more miserable on a cold one."

"Don't argue, Jeff," Dick here interposed; "it makes me more aware of the heat."

"I will not. I will be most agreeable. I will do everything that every one asks me all day; I will even row both ways, though that is partly because I know that if I did not we should end by eating our picnic in the garden."

"You have a wonderful grasp of mind," assented Dick, "and I should not wonder if you were right. Women are so lazy!"

"And *some* men. Yet," with an inquiring air, "it is a new falling off, you used to be more active. Ah, the laziness seems to have been acquired since the engagement."

"Dick is not the least lazy," here Miss Fane calmly said, looking up from a letter. "You seem to forget that he is eight years older than you, Jeff."

"I am corrected, Edith. I was alluding to pre-historic times. Modern history is apt to be duller than ancient, we all know, probably it is because there is less possibility of invention. My dear Dick, I retire and leave you the victor. I shall never again argue with a man who has a woman to answer for him; and, above all, with a man who *allows* a woman to answer for him."

"Jeff coming out as a satirist!"

But without heeding Dick's interruption, —

"It is a state of affairs," he continued, and this time he addressed his light words across the table to Miss St. Croix, "that may be taken as an encouragement, or a warning."

But, having so spoken, he colored a little, and looked away with some slight consciousness, a remembrance of Mr. Chichester's words of the evening before recurring to his mind. Most of those present saw, and rightly interpreted, his momentary confusion. No official announcement of the marriage had yet reached them, and the girl herself having made no allusion to it, the subject was one it would be as well to avoid.

Every one seemed to rouse him or herself to say something which should tend to cover Jeff's maladroit speech, and to prevent Delphine imagining anything especial had been meant by it.

Delphine herself alone continued perfectly unmoved, quite unaware of what was passing. The light conversation, so new to her, had amused her. Not brilliant or witty in any way, but illuminating with the soft, harmless shining of summer lightning. And that one swift flash had played about herself she did not even know. Her own engagement was such an unreality to her, so different from that of this couple, who were reading their glad future in each other's eyes, that it would never have struck her that any one could have drawn a comparison between them. But the thread of talk was broken after that, and every one began, more or less idly, to prepare for the day's pleasureing.

Only Jeff Miles's spirits seemed unimpaired by the heat; he alone seemed to have the zeal necessary to carry the whole party through what was expected of them. Under his directions the baskets were packed, and under his supervision the little party was finally got together, and

started — more or less unwillingly — towards their destination. Only in one glad young girl's heart was there not the slightest mixture of feelings. No faintest thought that this brilliant summer day might be more comfortably and pleasantly spent; that there were drawbacks to be found abroad in the hottest hours of the day, which need not be at home. But then the others would have had compensations, under those circumstances, which this girl would not have found. And this they recognized, and were unselfish and resigned themselves.

And if a certain amount of resignation was necessary, it was, after all, to a not altogether untoward fate. Blue sky seen through the shade of thick branching trees, and reflected in a narrow, forget-me-not-margined river; two people whose happy love-story could be read by any careless observer; and a young man and a maid, prepared to enjoy all that the day held in store, were not unimportant factors in a day's happiness.

It certainly proved rather a warm expedition, partly owing to the blazing sun overhead, which even the thick summer leafage could not altogether hide, and partly owing to the inefficiency of the steerer. The duty devolved, the greater part of the time, on Miss Fane. Mr. Chichester certainly held an oar, though he did not seem to make much use of it, judging from Jeff's remarks. But at any rate holding an oar prevented him from steering, though not from talking to Edith. He was most good-natured; whenever the inefficiency of the steerer was more remarkable than usual, and they found themselves closer to the bank than was quite pleasant, then he was always ready to get out and help Mr. Miles to right matters, but the result was a slow, and a very warm journey.

At last he jumped up so suddenly that Edith in her agitation steered them straight into a tall group of rushes, and declared they had come quite far enough, and that he for one was now going to get out. "It will be far cooler under the trees," he added.

"It will certainly be so for me," Jeff assented. "You seem to have grown heavier, Dick, since we started."

"Hear him," ejaculated Mr. Chichester. "One would think he was rowing us all by himself. Now I appeal to you, ladies, what have I in my hand?"

"An oar," retorted Edith quickly. "But an oar held like an umbrella is not much help to the other rower."

She jumped ashore as she spoke, and Dick with one stride was over the boat's side and after her. Delphine, who had risen, held out her hands — as the small boat rocked to and fro — in a vain attempt to steady herself, and would have fallen had it not been for Jeff's outstretched hand.

"Do be careful," he called out, as angrily as *he* could say anything; but Dick had turned back penitently before he had time to say more, full of apologies for his heedlessness. He took Delphine's small hand in his and helped her to land, and then stood still, until Edith reappeared to inquire the cause of his delay.

"I hurried on," she exclaimed, standing above them fair and blue-eyed, "to avoid having to help Jeff to carry up the luncheon. I wonder you did not think of the same thing."

"I did, Edith," he made answer, "but my conscience has come to the rescue, so I am waiting to assist."

"No, you need not." Jeff had quite recovered his usual sweet temper. "Find the best place, and I will carry up the hamper."

Delphine, who was gathering a bunch of the forget-me-nots that grew by the water's edge, looked up and smiled as she saw Dick take a step away, though, after all, it was only a step, for, having taken it, he flung himself down on the grass, and, "No," he cried, "honesty is occasionally the best policy, as he said who had occasionally tried the other way. Some evil might come of it. Dig out the provisions, and I'll carry up my share."

"Yes, otherwise your salad might disagree with you."

"Is there salad? My toil now becomes a pleasure! I'll wait. Don't hurry."

He remained lazily still, whilst Edith sat on the bank beside him, and Jeff took the things out of the boat. As he did so, he talked with Delphine, who stood beside him, occasionally assisting a little, but more often smiling softly at his light jests and words.

"There, that is all," at length he said. "I will carry up this shawl for you to sit on."

"But it is scarcely necessary, it is so very warm."

"It is safer," he answered, "and besides that, you might spoil your pretty dress."

She shook her head lightly, but held out her hand for the shawl.

"No, I will carry it. Your hands are full," pointing to her forget-me-nots.

"It is a shame to have picked them," she said, "they will die so soon in the hot sunshine; I think I will put them back into the stream. They will scarcely understand what has happened for a little while, and then they will die and forget."

"No," he said, "if they are going to die, they may as well die in my coat as in the river," holding out his hand. "They are too pretty to throw away."

She divided the bunch without speaking, and he put his into his buttonhole, and, later on, he noticed that hers were in the belt at her waist.

"Dick," said Edith presently, as they wended their way onwards to where the big trees offered more shade, "Jeff must not be allowed to flirt with that dear little girl."

"No," replied Dick, "decidedly not. I have already spoken to him. He must not begin that kind of thing."

"And did he promise he would not begin?"

"Yes," assented Dick lazily.

"All the same, Dick dear, it looks very much, just now, as you began."

"Perhaps, my dear child; but the difference lies in the fact that I was a marrigeable man."

"The difference to the man, perhaps, but you know it may be just the same for the girl."

"That, my dear, I am inclined to disbelieve. Now don't contradict, it is too hot to argue. At least, wait until I have found an abiding-place for the salad I am carrying."

But once or twice, as the afternoon wore away, the thought once more flashed across Edith's mind that this was very like the way Dick had begun. "Of course," she soliloquized, "he went on, whereas Jeff means to stop; but I hope he will know the exactly right moment at which to stop, so as not to give that sweet child a moment's anxiety."

"With such a prospect, Dick," addressing herself to her companion.

"What prospect? Whose prospect? Dear Edith, don't force me to think. Are you alluding to the view, because I know there is not one, so there is no use in my opening my eyes."

"Delphine's prospect of marrying Monsieur d'Esterre, she should be spared all worry and anxiety beforehand."

"And are you considering Jeff," opening his eyes for a moment, "in the light of a 'worry and anxiety beforehand'?"

Edith laughed, and then forgot her mo-

mentary disturbing thought; for as the afternoon wore on a little breeze sprang up, and with the increased coolness sufficient energy returned to Dick Chichester to suggest a stroll, and under the over-arching trees, their feet on softest moss, the jesting tones absent from his voice, and a tender softness in his eyes, there was no possibility for thought of anything but the happy present, the happier future, that was drawing nearer day by day.

On the other couple, therefore, devolved the duty of repacking the little boat; but the work was not unwelcome, and when it was completed they seated themselves in it, to await the return of their companions.

"If we go to look for them we shall only miss them," Jeff averred. "We will wait here."

"We could not wait in a better place."

With her chin resting in her slender hand, Delphine sat watching the slow-passing waters. The steady, ceaseless flow fascinated her, and she forgot after a time how long she had been silent.

"Would it not be strange," she said at length, breaking the silence with a sudden sentence, which might have been a question, but yet was scarcely more than a chance train of thought, "if one were suddenly to come across a piece of a bygone time in the middle of one's after life, when one had forgotten all about it? I was thinking," in quick explanation, "just then" — taking a piece of the faded forget-me-not out of her belt, and dropping it into the water — "supposing that by-and-by, weeks hence, when this day is quite one of long ago, I were to see this come floating past me at Véritay, would it not be curious?" She was following the flower's course with her eyes as she spoke. So far it was making its way safely down the centre of the stream.

"Yes," replied Jeff thoughtfully, "such things do happen."

The calm, quiet summer evening had touched him also with a certain shadow of sentiment.

"Sometimes, you know it, I dare say, little things turn up in life — such little ordinary things, a scent, or a flower, or a word — and back comes some moment in one's life, that one thought, till then, was quite forgotten."

"Well, when I see the forget-me-not in the château river, monsieur," smiling, "I shall see also this lovely evening, and the little boat, and all these beautiful trees, and the blue sky above. But," softly, "I shall remember a great deal more than I

see; the kindness I have received — all of you have been so good to me. And to-day, this lovely, perfect day. I never imagined how beautiful the world was, how happy and free from care people could be, until I came here."

"Ah, but mademoiselle," he spoke quickly and then paused, as if choosing his words before he continued, "you must not think the life of any one is without care. We all have our share. Only it is different — a different trouble to each one. This is a holiday," he went on, "so we must all enjoy it. I do. When it is over, I go back to England to my regiment, and in three months I shall be in India, and perhaps it will be years and years before I come back."

"Ah, that is sad," she said.

"My trouble, you see, is want of money. But there are a few holidays in all our lives, and it is no use not enjoying them, because after they are over we have to set to work again."

His blue eyes had grown serious as he spoke; there was a faint shade of something resembling pity in his heart, for this little more than child, whose holiday also was nearly over, and who had not years in India lying on the other side of it, but a future that seemed to him far more hopeless and barren. A loveless *marriage de convenience* at eighteen — to him it seemed life could offer no drearier prospect. The work and activity of his own immediate future were as nothing in comparison.

But the days were past when any rescue was possible. Knights are too much occupied nowadays in earning their own living to attend to the woes of persecuted damsels. The damsels must find their own way out of their difficulties — and a wealthy marriage is as good a way as any.

Only for the moment, to this special knight, the way seemed hard and undesirable, in face of the sweet wistful grey eyes and soft brown hair.

However, it was not debatable ground. There was no question of what might or might not be — the future was decided for both of them — only — if it had not been!

"Hallo, are you waiting for us?"

Dick's voice, loud and clear, reached them. Edith's fair face, a little flushed, was looking down smilingly upon them.

Delphine sighed, a soft, airy little sigh, and sat more upright. Jeff stood up in the boat, and answered with a word of welcome.

Then a very few minutes later they were all floating safely homewards through the still evening.

There was not much conversation, a few desultory words, that was all. But that was not surprising, it was still very warm, and talking was a superfluous exertion.

"It is over," Delphine said, as she and Jeff went slowly up through the shady paths that led from the wood to the house. "I am very sorry to think it, but it is something to have two such days to look back upon."

She paused a moment at the entrance of the honeysuckle arch, and marvelled to think it was only yesterday that she had stood there, feeling so shy and timid in the presence of this blond young man, whose presence had now grown so strangely familiar.

There are such moments in life, when one we have scarcely known — the friend of a few hours — seems to be nearer than those we have known for years; but as often as not, the moment passes, and afterwards, looking back, we wonder what it was that brought us so close together. Meeting again, we cannot afresh attain the point of union — the supreme moment is past — and the steps that led up to it being lost, we cannot hope to retrace them.

"Yes, it is over," Jeff repeated. "Tomorrow you go home — and the day after, I return to England. Mademoiselle," he hesitated a second, and reddened a little, "may I tell you that I have been told about your future, and that I hope, with all my heart, that it will be a very happy one?"

She colored also, though very slightly, as she turned her clear grey eyes up to his.

"Thank you," she said softly. "And an instant later, 'And you also, I may wish you a happy future?'"

"In India?" But he did not smile.

"Yes, and after that, when you come home a general, and very rich."

"That is something to live for," and he was smiling again, "but I fear it is a long way off. I think *your* good fortune will come first."

"Perhaps yours will be better worth having, when it comes."

He had very nearly said, "I hope so," but fortunately remembered in time, and did not.

It was nearly seven o'clock, and the shadows were lying thick and dark in the long, untidy avenue, when Delphine St. Croix arrived home next day. There was no shadow on her heart at the prospect

before her. It had been a holiday, a delightful, bright, happy holiday, but it was over, and now on the other side of it lay the real world, where she had to play her part; a world in which there was so much hard work that there was little time to think of holidays. But she was refreshed nevertheless, and it was pleasant to look back upon.

All the long drive had been beguiled with memories of yesterday. Only three days since she drove down here, and now it was over.

Coming round a certain corner, under the splendid summer foliage of a sheltering elm, two figures attracted her attention. She half turned her head, wondering who they might be, and then an instant later recognizing them, looked away, and almost immediately a sharp turn in the road, that led up to the Château Véziray, had hidden them from sight.

It was only Jeanne, her own young maid, and André, the village carpenter. She knew they were going to be married very soon, she had known it a long time, though the fact had not come home to her before. But something in the attitude of the two, as they stood under the sheltering elm boughs — she, with her dark eyes raised to those looking into hers — recalled to Delphine those other lovers from whom she had so lately parted.

"But as for you, you have agreed to forego your heritage."

Back to her remembrance, with the thought, came Jeff Miles's words; words which had only vaguely troubled her at the time of hearing them, but which now seemed full of meaning.

For all of a sudden, driving on slowly through the calm summer evening, it seemed to her that she understood what it was she had missed — understood what it was that had been taken away from her, or that she herself had given up.

THE AUTHOR OF "MISS MOLLY."

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
NOTES ON POPULAR ENGLISH.

BY THE LATE ISAAC TODHUNTER.

I HAVE from time to time recorded such examples of language as struck me for inaccuracy or any other peculiarity; but lately the pressure of other engagements has prevented me from continuing my collection, and has compelled me to renounce the design once entertained of

using them for the foundation of a systematic essay. The present article contains a small selection from my store, and may be of interest to all who value accuracy and clearness. It is only necessary to say that the examples are not fabricated: all are taken from writers of good repute, and notes of the original places have been preserved, though it has not been thought necessary to encumber these pages with references. The italics have been supplied in those cases where they are used.

One of the most obvious peculiarities at present to be noticed is the use of the word *if* when there is nothing really conditional in the sentence. Thus we read: "If the Prussian plan of operations was faulty the movements of the crown prince's army were in a high degree excellent." The writer does not really mean what his words seem to imply, that the excellence was contingent on the fault: he simply means to make two independent statements. As another example we have: "Yet he never founded a family; if his two daughters carried his name and blood into the families of the *Herreras* and the *Zuñigas*, his two sons died before him." Here again the two events which are connected by the conditional *if* are really quite independent. Other examples follow: "If it be true that Paris is an American's paradise, symptoms are not wanting that there are Parisians who cast a longing look towards the institutions of the United States." "If M. Stanislas Julien has taken up his position in the Celestial Empire, M. Léon de Rosny seems to have selected the neighboring country of Japan for his own special province." "But those who are much engaged in public affairs cannot always be honest, and if this is not an excuse, it is at least a fact." "But if a Cambridge man was to be appointed, Mr. — is a ripe scholar and a good parish priest, and I rejoice that a place very dear to me should have fallen into such good hands."

Other examples, differing in some respects from those already given, concur in exhibiting a strange use of the word *if*. Thus we read: "If the late rumors of dissension in the Cabinet had been well founded, the retirement of half his colleagues would not have weakened Mr. Gladstone's hold on the House of Commons." The conditional proposition intended is probably this: if half his colleagues were to retire, Mr. Gladstone's hold on the House of Commons would not be weakened. "If a big book is a big

evil, the 'Bijou Gazetteer of the World' ought to stand at the summit of excellence. It is the tiniest geographical directory we have ever seen." This is quite illogical: if a big book is a big evil, it does not follow that a little book is a great good. "If in the main I have adhered to the English version, it has been from the conviction that our translators were in the right." It is rather difficult to see what is the precise opinion here expressed as to our translators; whether an absolute or contingent approval is intended. "If you think it worth your while to inspect the school from the outside, that is for yourself to decide upon." The decision is not contingent on the thinking it worth while: they are identical. For the last example we take this: ". . . but if it does not retard his return to office it can hardly accelerate it." The meaning is, "This speech cannot accelerate and may retard Mr. Disraeli's return to office." The triple occurrence of *it* is very awkward.

An error not uncommon in the present day is the blending of two different constructions in one sentence. The grammars of our childhood used to condemn such a sentence as this: "He was more beloved but not so much admired as Cynthio." The former part of the sentence requires to be followed by *than*, and not by *as*. The following are recent examples: "The little farmer [in France] has no greater enjoyments, if so many, as the English labore." "I find public-school boys generally more fluent, and as superficial as boys educated elsewhere." "Mallet, for instance, records his delight and wonder at the Alps and the descent into Italy in terms quite as warm, if much less profuse, as those of the most impossibly modern tourist." An awkward construction, almost as bad as a fault, is seen in the following sentence: "Messrs. —— having secured the co-operation of some of the most eminent professors of, and writers on, the various branches of science . . ."

A very favorite practice is that of changing a word where there is no corresponding change of meaning. Take the following example from a voluminous historian: "Huge pinnacles of bare rock shoot up into the azure firmament, and forests overspread their sides, in which the scarlet rhododendrons sixty feet in height are surmounted by trees two hundred feet in elevation." In a passage of this kind it may be of little consequence whether a word is retained or changed; but for any purpose where precision is valuable it is

nearly as bad to use two words in one sense as one word in two senses. Let us take some other examples. We read in the usual channels of information that "Mr. Gladstone has issued invitations for a full-dress Parliamentary dinner, and Lord Granville has issued invitations for a full-dress Parliamentary banquet." Again we read: "The government proposes to divide the occupiers of land into four categories;" and almost immediately after we have "the second class comprehends . . .": so that we see the grand word *category* merely stands for *class*. Again: "This morning the *czar* drove alone through the Thier-garten, and on his return received Field-Marshal Wrangel and Moltke, as well as many other general officers, and then gave audience to numerous visitors. Towards noon the emperor *Alexander*, accompanied by the Russian grand dukes, paid a visit . . ." "Mr. Ayrton, according to *Nature*, has accepted Dr. Hooker's explanation of the letter to Mr. Gladstone's secretary, at which the first commissioner of works took umbrage, so that the dispute is at an end." I may remark that Mr. Ayrton is identical with the first commissioner of works. A writer recently in a sketch of travels spoke of a "Turkish gentleman with his *innumerable* wives," and soon after said that she "never saw him address any of his *multifarious* wives." One of the illustrated periodicals gave a picture of an event in recent French history, entitled, "The National Guards Firing on the People." Here the change from *national* to *people* slightly conceals the strange contradiction of guardians firing on those whom they ought to guard.

Let us now take one example in which a word is repeated, but in a rather different sense: "The grand duke of Baden sat *next* to the emperor William, the imperial crown prince of Germany sitting *next* to the grand duke. *Next* came the other princely personages." The word *next* is used in the last instance in not quite the same sense as in the former two instances; for all the princely personages could not sit in contact with the crown prince.

A class of examples may be found in which there is an obvious incongruity between two of the words which occur. Thus, "We are more than doubtful;" that is, we are *more than full* of doubts: this is obviously impossible. Then we read of "a man of more than doubtful sanity." Again we read of "a more than questionable statement;" this is I sup-

pose a very harsh elliptical construction for such a sentence as "a statement to which we might apply an epithet more condemnatory than *questionable*." So also we read "a more unobjectionable character." Again: "Let the Second Chamber be composed of elected members, and their utility will be *more than halved*." To take the *half* of anything is to perform a definite operation, which is not susceptible of more or less. Again: "The singular and almost excessive impartiality and power of appreciation." It is impossible to conceive of *excessive impartiality*. Other recent examples of these impossible combinations are, "more faultless," "less indisputable." "The high antiquity of the narrative cannot reasonably be doubted, and almost as little its *ultimate Apostolic origin*." The ultimate origin, that is the *last beginning*, of anything seems a contradiction. The common phrase *bad health* seems of the same character; it is almost equivalent to *unsound soundness* or to *unprosperous prosperity*. In a passage already quoted, we read that the czar "gave audience to numerous *visitors*," and in a similar manner a very distinguished lecturer speaks of making experiments "visible to a large *audience*." It would seem from the last instance that our language wants a word to denote a mass of people collected not so much to hear an address as to see what are called experiments. Perhaps if our savage forefathers had enjoyed the advantages of courses of scientific lectures, the vocabulary would be supplied with the missing word.

*Talented* is a vile barbarism which Coleridge indignantly denounced; there is no verb *to talent* from which such a participle could be deduced. Perhaps this imaginary word is not common at the present; though I am sorry to see from my notes that it still finds favor with classical scholars. It was used some time since by a well-known professor, just as he was about to emigrate to America; so it may have been merely evidence that he was rendering himself familiar with the language of his adopted country.

*Ignore* is a very popular and a very bad word. As there is no good authority for it, the meaning is naturally uncertain. It seems to fluctuate between *wilfully concealing* something and *unintentionally omitting* something, and this vagueness renders it a convenient tool for an unscrupulous orator or writer.

The word *lengthened* is often used instead of *long*. Thus we read that such

and such an orator made a *lengthened* speech, when the intended meaning is that he made a *long* speech. The word *lengthened* has its appropriate meaning. Thus, after a ship has been built by the Admiralty, it is sometimes cut into two and a piece inserted: this operation, very reprehensible doubtless on financial grounds, is correctly described as *lengthening* the ship. It will be obvious on consideration that *lengthened* is not synonymous with *long*. *Protracted* and *prolonged* are also often used instead of *long*; though perhaps with less decided impropriety than *lengthened*.

A very common phrase with controversial writers is, "we *shrewdly suspect*." This is equivalent to, "we *acutely suspect*." The cleverness of the suspicion should, however, be attributed to the writers by other people, and not by themselves.

The simple word *but* is often used when it is difficult to see any shade of opposition or contrast such as we naturally expect. Thus we read: "There were several candidates, *but* the choice fell upon — of Trinity College." Another account of the same transaction was expressed thus: "It was understood that there were several candidates; the election fell, *however*, upon — of Trinity College."

The word *mistaken* is curious as being constantly used in a sense directly contrary to that which, according to its formation, it ought to have. Thus: "He is often mistaken, but never trivial and insipid." "He is often mistaken" ought to mean that other people often mistake him; just as "he is often misunderstood" means that people often misunderstand him. But the writer of the above sentence intends to say that "He often makes mistakes." It would be well if we could get rid of this anomalous use of the word *mistaken*. I suppose that *wrong* or *erroneous* would always suffice. But I must admit that good writers do employ *mistaken* in the sense which seems contrary to analogy; for example, Dugald Stewart does so, and also a distinguished leading philosopher whose style shows decided traces of Dugald Stewart's influence.

I shall be thought hypercritical perhaps if I object to the use of *sanc*tion** as a verb; but it seems to be a comparatively modern innovation. I must, however, admit that it is used by the two distinguished writers to whom I alluded with respect to the word *mistaken*. Recently some religious services in London were asserted by the promoters to be *under the*

*sanction* of three bishops; almost immediately afterwards letters appeared from the three bishops in which they qualified the amount of their approbation: rather curiously all three used *sanction* as a verb. The theology of the bishops might be the sounder, but as to accuracy of language I think the inferior clergy had the advantage. By an obvious association I may say that if any words of mine could reach episcopal ears, I should like to ask why a first charge is called a *primary* charge, for it does not appear that this mode of expression is continued. We have, I think, second, third, and so on, instead of *secondary*, *tertiary*, and so on, to distinguish the subsequent charges.

Very eminent authors will probably always claim liberty and indulge in peculiarities; and it would be ungrateful to be censorious on those who have permanently enriched our literature. We must, then, allow an eminent historian to use the word *cult* for worship or superstition; so that he tells us of an *indecent cult* when he means an *unseemly false religion*. So, too, we must allow another eminent historian to introduce a foreign idiom, and speak of a *man of pronounced opinions*.

One or two of our popular writers on scientific subjects are fond of frequently introducing the word *bizarre*; surely some English equivalent might be substituted with advantage. The author of an anonymous academical paper a few years since was discovered by a slight peculiarity —namely, the use of the words *ones*, if there be such a word: this occurred in certain productions to which the author had affixed his name, and so the same phenomenon in the unacknowledged paper betrayed the origin which had been concealed.

A curious want of critical tact was displayed some years since by a review of great influence. Macaulay, in his life of Atterbury, speaking of Atterbury's daughter, says that her great wish was to see her *papa* before she died. The reviewer condemned the use of what he called the *mawkish word papa*. Macaulay, of course, was right; he used the daughter's own word, and any person who consults the original account will see that accuracy would have been sacrificed by substituting *father*. Surely the reviewer ought to have had sufficient respect for Macaulay's reading and memory to hesitate before pronouncing an off-hand censure.

Cobbett justly blamed the practice of putting “&c.” to save the trouble of completing a sentence properly. In mathematical writings this symbol may be tolerated

because it generally involves no ambiguity, but is used merely as an abbreviation the meaning of which is obvious from the context. But in other works there is frequently no clue to guide us in affixing a meaning to the symbol, and we can only interpret its presence as a sign that something has been omitted. The following is an example: “It describes a portion of Hellenic philosophy: it dwells upon eminent individuals, inquiring, theorizing, reasoning, confuting, &c., as contrasted with those collective political and social manifestations which form the matter of history. . . .”

The examples of confusion of metaphor ascribed to the late Lord Castlereagh are so absurd that it might have been thought impossible to rival them. Nevertheless the following, though in somewhat quieter style, seems to me to approach very nearly to the best of those that were spoken by Castlereagh or forged for him by Mackintosh. A recent Cabinet minister described the error of an Indian official in these words: “He remained too long under the influence of the views which he had imbibed from the Board.” To imbibe a view seems strange, but to imbibe anything from a Board must be very difficult. I may observe that the phrase of Castlereagh's which is now best known, seems to suffer from misquotation: we usually have, “an ignorant impatience of taxation;” but the original form appears to have been, “an ignorant impatience of the relaxation of taxation.”

The following sentence is from a voluminous historian: “The *decline* of the material comforts of the working classes, from the effects of the Revolution, had been incessant, and had now reached an alarming *height*.” It is possible to ascend to an alarming height, but it is surely difficult to decline to an alarming height.

“Nothing could be more one-sided than the point of view adopted by the speakers.” It is very strange to speak of a point as having a side; and then how can *one-sided* admit of comparison? A thing either has one side or it has not: there cannot be degrees in one-sidedness. However, even mathematicians do not always manage the word *point* correctly. In a modern valuable work we read of “a more extended point of view,” though we know that a point does not admit of extension. This curious phrase is also to be found in two eminent French writers, Bailly and D'Alembert. I suppose that what is meant is, a point which commands a more extended view. “Froschammer wishes

to approach the subject from a philosophical standpoint." It is impossible to *stand* and yet to *approach*. Either he should *survey* the subject from a *stand-point*, or *approach* it from a *starting-point*.

"The most scientific of our Continental theologians have returned back again to the relations and ramifications of the old paths." Here *paths* and *ramifications* do not correspond; nor is it obvious what the *relations of paths* are. Then *returned back again* seems to involve superfluity; either *returned* or *turned back again* would have been better.

A large school had lately fallen into difficulties owing to internal dissensions; in the report of a council on the subject it was stated that measures had been taken to *introduce more harmony and good feeling*. The word *introduce* suggests the idea that harmony and good feeling could be laid on like water or gas by proper mechanical adjustment, or could be supplied like first-class furniture by a London upholsterer.

An orator speaking of the uselessness of a dean said that "he wastes his sweetness upon the desert air, and stands like an engine upon a siding." This is a strange combination of metaphors.

The following example is curious as showing how an awkward metaphor has been carried out: "In the *face* of such assertions what is the puzzled *spectator* to do." The contrary proceeding is much more common, namely to drop a metaphor prematurely or to change it. For instance: "Physics and metaphysics, physiology and psychology, thus become united, and the study of man passes from the uncertain light of mere opinion to the region of science." Here *region* corresponds very badly with *uncertain light*.

Metaphors and similes require to be employed with great care, at least by those who value taste and accuracy. I hope I may be allowed to give one example of a more serious kind than those hitherto supplied. The words *like lost sheep* which occur at the commencement of our Liturgy always seem to me singularly objectionable, and for two reasons. In the first place, illustrations being intended to unfold our meaning are appropriate in explanation and instruction, but not in religious confession. And in the second place the illustration as used by ourselves is not accurate; for the condition of a *lost sheep* does not necessarily suggest that conscious lapse from rectitude which is the essence of human transgression.

A passage has been quoted with appro-

bation by more than one critic from the late Professor Conington's translation of Horace, in which the following line occurs: —

After life's endless babbles they sleep well.

Now the word *endless* here is extremely awkward; for if the babbles never ends, how can anything come after it?

To digress for a moment, I may observe that this line gives a good illustration of the process by which what is called Latin verse is often constructed. Every person sees that the line is formed out of Shakespeare's "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." The ingenuity of the transference may be admired, but it seems to me that it is easy to give more than a due amount of admiration; and, as the instance shows, the adaptation may issue in something bordering on the absurd. As an example in Latin versification, take the following. Every one who has not quite forgotten his schoolboy days remembers the line in Virgil ending with *non imitabile fulmen*. A good scholar, prematurely lost to his college and university, having for an exercise to translate into Latin the passage in Milton relating to the moon's *peerless light* finished a line with *non imitabile lumen*. One can hardly wonder at the tendency to overvalue such felicitous appropriation.

The language of the shop and the market must not be expected to be very exact: we may be content to be amused by some of its peculiarities. I cannot say that I have seen the statement which is said to have appeared in the following form: "Dead pigs are looking up." We find very frequently advertised, "*Digestive biscuits*" — perhaps *digestible biscuits* are meant. In a catalogue of books an "*Encyclopaedia of Mental Science*" is advertised; and after the names of the authors we read, "*invaluable, 5s. 6d.*"; this is a curious explanation of *invaluable*.

The title of a book recently advertised is, "Thoughts for those who are Thoughtful." It might seem superfluous, not to say impossible, to supply thoughts to those who are already full of thought.

The word *limited* is at present very popular in the domain of commerce. Thus we read, "Although the space given to us was *limited*." This we can readily suppose; for in a finite building there cannot be unlimited space. Booksellers can perhaps say, without impropriety, that a "*limited number will be printed*," as this may only imply that the type will be broken up; but they sometimes tell us

that "a limited number *was* printed," and this is an obvious truism.

Some pills used to be advertised for the use of the "possessor of pains in the back," the advertisement being accompanied with a large picture representing the unhappy capitalist tormented by his property.

Pronouns, which are troublesome to all writers of English, are especially embarrassing to the authors of prospectuses and advertisements. A wine company return thanks to their friends, "and, at the same time, *they* would assure *them* that it is *their* constant study not only to find improvements for *their* convenience . . ." Observe how the pronouns oscillate in their application between the company and their friends.

In selecting titles of books there is room for improvement. Thus, a *Quarterly Journal* is not uncommon; the words strictly are suggestive of a *Quarterly Daily* publication. I remember, some years since, observing a notice that a certain obscure society proposed to celebrate its *triennial anniversary*.

In one of the theological newspapers a clergyman seeking a curacy states as an exposition of his theological position, "Views Prayer-book." I should hope that this would not be a specimen of the ordinary literary style of the applicant. The advertisements in the same periodical exhibit occasionally a very unpleasant blending of religious and secular elements. Take two examples: "Needlewoman wanted. She must be a communicant, have a long character, and be a good dressmaker and milliner." "Pretty furnished cottage to let, with good garden, etc. Rent moderate. Church work valued. Weekly celebrations. Near rail. Good fishing."

A few words may be given to some popular misquotations. "The last infirmity of noble minds" is perpetually occurring. Milton wrote *mind* not *minds*. It may be said that he means *minds*; but the only evidence seems to be that it is difficult to affix any other sense to *mind* than making it equivalent to *minds*: this scarcely convinces me, though I admit the difficulty.

"He that runs may read" is often supposed to be a quotation from the Bible: the words really are, "He may run that readeth," and it is not certain that the sense conveyed by the popular misquotation is correct.

A proverb which correctly runs thus: "The road to hell is paved with good in-

tentions," is often quoted in the far less expressive form, "Hell is paved with good intentions."

"Knowledge is power" is frequently attributed to Bacon, in spite of Lord Lytton's challenge that the words cannot be found in Bacon's writings. "The style is the man" is frequently attributed to Buffon, although it has been pointed out that Buffon said something very different; namely, that "the style is of the man," that is, "The style proceeds from the man." It is some satisfaction to find that Frenchmen themselves do not leave us the monopoly of this error; it will be found in Arago<sup>1</sup>; see his works, vol. iii., p. 560. A common proverb frequently quoted is, "The exception proves the rule;" and it seems universally assumed that *proves here* means *establishes* or *demonstrates*. It is perhaps more likely that *proves here* means *tests* or *tries*, as in the injunction, "Prove all things." [The proverb in full runs: *Exceptio probat regulam in casibus non exceptis.*]

The words *Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit* are perpetually offered as a supposed quotation from Dr. Johnson's epitaph on Goldsmith. Johnson wrote: —

Qui nullum fere scribendi genus  
Non tetigit,  
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.

It has been said that there is a doubt as to the propriety of the word *tetigit*, and that *contigit* would have been better.

It seems impossible to prevent writers from using *cui bono?* in the unclassical sense. The correct meaning is known to be of this nature: suppose that a crime has been committed; then inquire who has gained by the crime — *cui bono?* for obviously there is a probability that the person benefited was the criminal. The usual sense implied by the quotation is this: What is the good? the question being applied to whatever is for the moment the object of depreciation. Those who use the words incorrectly may, however, shelter themselves under the great name of Leibnitz, for he takes them in the popular sense: see his works, vol. v., p. 206.

A very favorite quotation consists of the words *laudator temporis acti*,<sup>2</sup> but it should be remembered that it seems very doubtful if these words by themselves would form correct Latin; the *se puer* which Horace puts after them are required.

There is a story, resting on no good authority, that Plato testified to the im-

portance of geometry by writing over his door, "Let no one enter who is not a geometer." The first word is often given incorrectly when the Greek words are quoted, the wrong form of the negative being taken. I was surprised to see this blunder about two years since in a weekly review of very high pretensions.

It is very difficult in many cases to understand precisely what is attributed to another writer when his opinions are cited in some indirect way. For example, a newspaper critic finishes a paragraph in these words: "Unless, indeed, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* has said that it is immoral to attempt any cure at all." The doubt here is as to what is the statement of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It seems to be this: *it is immoral to attempt any cure at all*. But from other considerations foreign to the precise language of the critic, it seemed probable that the statement of the *Pall Mall Gazette* was, *unless, indeed, it is immoral to attempt any cure at all*.

There is a certain vague formula which, though not intended for a quotation, occurs so frequently as to demand notice. Take for example: ". . . the sciences of logic and ethics, according to the partition of Lord Bacon, are far more extensive than we are accustomed to consider them."

No precise meaning is conveyed, because we do not know what is the amount of extension we are accustomed to ascribe to the sciences named. Again: "Our knowledge of Bacon's method is much less complete than it is commonly supposed to be." Here again we do not know what is the standard of common supposition. There is another awkwardness here in the words *less complete*: it is obvious that *complete* does not admit of degrees.

Let us close these slight notes with very few specimens of happy expressions.

The *Times* commenting on the slovenly composition of the queen's speeches to Parliament, proposed the cause of the fact as a fit subject for the investigation of our *professional thinkers*. The phrase suggests a delicate reproof to those who assume for themselves the title of *thinker*, implying that any person may engage in this occupation just as he might, if he pleased, become a dentist, or a stock-broker, or a civil engineer. The word *thinker* is very common as a name of respect in the works of a modern distinguished philosopher. I am afraid, however, that it is employed by him principally as synonymous with a *Comtist*.

The *Times*, in advocating the claims of a literary man for a pension, said, "He

has constructed several useful schoolbooks." The word *construct* suggests with great neatness the nature of the process by which schoolbooks are sometimes evolved, implying the presence of the bricklayer and mason rather than of the architect.

[Dr. Todhunter might have added *feature* to the list of words abusively used by newspaper writers. In one number of a magazine two examples occur: "A *feature* which had been well *taken up* by local and other manufacturers was the exhibition of honey in various applied forms." "A new *feature* in the social arrangements of the Central Radical Club *took place* the other evening."]

From All The Year Round.  
ANNE BERGUNION, THE BLIND WOMAN'S FRIEND.

How much is done in this world by personal effort, by the strong man or strong woman in the right place! Carlyle may well be forgiven for a good deal of the pettiness that comes out in the "Life and Letters," because he preached so well on that often-forgotten text.

Sometimes, in spite of Carlyle, I begin to doubt its truth; and then, when a wicked whisper suggests

That the individual withers and the world is more and more, that one human being is for the most part powerless in this age of big cities, and monster companies, and huge demonstrations, I think of John Pound, cobbler, of Bradford, in Yorkshire, the founder of ragged schools. That is, I used to do so until I read M. Maxime du Camp's account of Anne Bergunion and her work. Since then I have transferred my allegiance to her, feeling that hers was a still more uphill task than that which the Bradford cobbler set himself.

Anne was born in Paris in 1804, the sickly daughter of a small tradesman. In England she would nowadays have become one of those female Ritualists who are always egging their parson on to offend the steady old stagers, or she would have been a "Latter Day Saint," or one of Mr. Besant's "Seventh Day Independents" — anything where there was plenty to do among the poor, combined with unlimited "means of grace" and an absence of the rowdyism which frightens off minds like hers from the Salvation Army. In France a few years earlier she would have

had, like many other good people, to worship by stealth, for the penal laws of a republic which tolerated everything except Christianity, had closed the churches and made it a crime to hear as well as to say mass. As it was, she was free to go to as many "functions" as she pleased, and under an emperor whose aim it was to stand well with the clergy, the sensitive, impressionable little girl found plenty of "functions" to go to. Then came the Restoration, and monks and nuns had it all their own way; and Anne, who had been sipping at the sweets of a cloistered life, joining in processions, delighting in matins and primes and litanies, thought she had a vocation, and, being then sixteen years old, began, strongly against her parents' wishes, her novitiate at the Mère de Dieu Convent at Versailles. At the end of eight months she was called home by the total break-up of her mother's health, and from this time till she was eight-and-twenty she was as devoted a nurse as one who was herself little better than a confirmed invalid could be. Her own health, always weak, several times gave way so entirely that she was thought to be in a dying state, and actually received extreme unction. This did not prevent her from accepting a dying brother's legacy — a little doubly orphaned girl of three years old, her care of whom gave her mind the turn which by-and-by made her so useful. Meanwhile, at home, business was not thriving; the father was a Micawber for whom nothing turned up; and Anne, dividing her days between nursing her mother and training her niece, sat up stitching the greater part of the night to earn enough to keep the household together.

In 1837 a lady who knew Anne's worth was founding a home for young girls, and said to her: "Will you be manager?" "I'll try," replied Anne, and she succeeded; such firmness and tact and power of influencing girls through their affections were centred in that wretchedly feeble frame. She developed, too, what it is the fashion to call "a power of organization," and before long her twelve girls were in full work for one of the best ladies' ready-made linen shops in Paris.

But, as I said, Anne had that fondness for special services and special rules and dress for which Rome offers so much scope and Protestantism so little. This, which after all is human nature, is at the bottom of all that playing at soldiers which General Booth's followers have made an essential of true religion. If there were

in England plenty of sisterhoods there would not be any room for "Hallelujah Lasses;" and that would be a great gain. We think the sisterhood system a tyranny, forgetting that it is a self-imposed rule that these daughters of the Roman obedience lay upon themselves. They are free to alter it if they like. Just as from Little Bethel, by a sort of religious gemmation, there often breaks away a yet littler Bethel, so from one Roman community there often grows out another, held together by a more or less modified rule.

Still, it is a little startling to find that after seven years' successful work Anne, set free by the death of her parents, handed her girls over to a trusty friend, and went into the Convent of the Sacred Heart. Here she might have stayed all her life, but for her health. In vain they gave her dispensations, allowing her meat, and what not, even on Good Friday. She got worse and worse, and at last her brothers persuaded her to come back to the home in what was then the Rue des Postes. Here she met with Dr. Ratier, physician to the College Rollin, and parish doctor (as we should say) to the Bureau de Bienfaisance of the Twelfth Arrondissement — one of the poorest in Paris, out by the Observatory. The good doctor was an enthusiast about teaching the blind. Every day he used to gather some dozen little blind boys and girls in his consulting-room, and give them, not only a good meal, but such teaching as they, too young or too dull to be received into the Institut des Jeunes Aveugles, were able to take in. "Now, Annette," he would say to Mlle. Bergunion, "why do not you take in a few blind girls to work with the rest of your flock?" And while she was deliberating, the secretary of the Paris Indigent Blind Society joined in urging her to the work. "The Institut, you see, takes them at six, and turns them out at eighteen; and what are the poor things to do then, thrown, many of them, literally on the streets? We try all we can to find them homes, but we cannot deal with all; and there are scores who live haphazard, in wretchedness, if not in sin, with nothing before them but a possible admission into the Quinze-Vingts, if they live to be forty."

Before Anne had seen her way to do what was wanted, the secretary actually sent her two girls, whom she was to feed and teach for three hundred francs a year each; and, as she did not care to shut her doors in their faces, what was to be

thenceforth her life's work, and was destined to outlive her, was thus begun.

It was rather hard on Anne to send her two "incorrigibles" for her first attempt. The pair of blind girls refused point-blank to do anything in the way of work. They were sent there to be waited on, and waited on they would be, by Mother Anne, and by no one else. They made fun of the prayers, and when a priest was set to scold them, they went off humming an opera air. This was a bad example for Anne's girls, now increased in number to thirty-five; but, instead of turning the rebels away, she determined to conquer them by kindness, treating them like grown babies, and yet without wounding their morbid sensitiveness. Her good-humor must have been as great as her tact not to be wearied in such a seemingly hopeless task; but she did win them over so thoroughly that she was able to set them to teach some of Dr. Ratier's little ones. The secretary was determined not to let her rest. He soon handed over to her six more blind girls, three of whom had been sent back to the institute as incorrigible. Their hearts, too, she won, and before long she had some of them working in the kitchen, others house-cleaning, others combing and dressing the babes who belonged to some of the girls in the home. Another she actually ventured to send out on errands, and one turned out bright enough to be such a wonderful sewing-mistress that, while sitting among a group of stitchers, she was able, by her acute sense of hearing, to detect when a stitch was too long or too short.

But Anne was not satisfied. Hers was a lay work, under the direction (as far as she was directed at all) of laymen, like the Indigent Blind secretary and Dr. Ratier. Her dream had always been to found an order; and, reading in the life of Mlle. de Lamourous, the foundress of that house of mercy at Bordeaux which has now four daughter houses in other French towns, that "with the promise of a week's work, three rooms, and a crown-piece in one's pocket, one can found a *communauté*," she, smiling, but in thorough earnest, proposed to her girls to put themselves under a "rule." They would form a body of sisters — some blind, some seeing, and they would manage the school and workshop attached to the home, which should still, as heretofore, take in blind people of all ages, and keep them all their lives, if they liked to stay.

Good Dr. Ratier entered warmly into

her plans. He felt that one who had shown so much self-sacrifice deserved to have her way in trifles, and he got the vicar-general of the diocese to interest good Archbishop Sibour in the matter. His Grace paid her and her girls a visit, and allowed them a special dress, and thenceforth Anne became "mother superior," and the dozen girls (seven of them blind) who felt a call and stayed with her were styled the Sisters of St. Paul.

How were they to get a chaplain? They were too poor to pay one; and so they had to put up with any one who would come twice a week to hear confessions and say mass. That was by no means Anne's ideal; she liked to live in an atmosphere of devotion, and so she was delighted when a man of private means, the Abbé Juge, lately returned from Rome, volunteered for the work. "I won't take sou," said he. "If you find you can spare anything for a chaplain, let it go, after dressing up your chapel a little better, to pay for one more blind girl." They had long outgrown the house in the Rue des Postes, and had moved to Vaugirard; but their new home, besides being too small, was damp. "You will live much more cheaply in the country," said their chaplain, "and it will be far healthier for you all." So he found them an old château of Henry the Fourth, at Bourg la Reine, and paid for it almost wholly out of his own pocket. The grounds were beautiful, but the house small and inconvenient, and the good abbé had left one thing out in his reckoning. When you live on alms, you must live within easy reach of the alms-givers. This would not tell so much in England; but in France, where they do not spend much in advertising, but prefer to make a collection, or house-to-house gathering, it threatened to be fatal. There was nothing for it but to come back to Paris, and, after a world of trouble in finding anything cheap, and any house-owner who would agree to be paid by instalments with no security beyond the word of the sisterhood, at last they got a building belonging to the Maria Theresa Infirmary, founded by Madame de Châteaubriand in the early days of the Restoration. Here there was a good deal of building to be done; but the result was a pleasant, suitable home amid cedars grown from seeds which the author of the "*Génie du Christianisme*" had brought from Lebanon. Mother Anne and her indefatigable abbé had to spend many weary months between Paris and Bourg la Reine; but at last, towards the end of 1858, the whole

communauté was settled into the home which still holds it.

And so Anne saw her dream fulfilled. She had founded a sisterhood, and grafted upon it a blind asylum, and had arranged that the asylum should be the chief feeder of the sisterhood. But for her, these blind sisters who look (and are) so full of loving intelligence, must, humanly speaking, have fallen into the clutches of some wretch who would have lived on what they got by begging or doing worse.

And yet, we are told, there was nothing in Anne's appearance like that of the ideal saint. She was a plain, heavy-looking woman, with pursy cheeks and anæmia stamped on her whole appearance, and nothing attractive about her except a look of indescribable sweetness in her blue eyes.

She was not spared to do much more than give her work a fair start. In the spring of 1863 she broke down, and in spite of change of air, her dry cough showed that there was fatal mischief. Gathering the sisterhood round her, she told them, day by day and week by week, how to act when she was gone, whom to choose as her successor, whom to put into subordinate posts. She could not lie down, the asthma was too bad; at last, in September, the end came. But the sisters were ready for it, and they are going on still, through the war of 1870 tried them greatly, and the Commune yet more.

As soon as Paris was besieged they packed themselves as close as possible, and made part of their house into an infirmary for sixty-three soldiers. They ran up the Geneva Cross; but the Prussians were bent on destroying the dome of the Panthéon, and the home of the Sisters of St. Paul, being in the line of fire, got three shells through its roof.

How the place was kept going through the siege, none of the sisters could understand. Subscriptions, of course, came to an end; a collection was no use when people were living on rats and sawdust bread. Happily the cellars of the home were full of potatoes, and they had a good store of dried vegetables. No sooner was the siege over than the Commune began. The sisters kept on their infirmary as a protection; but at last, when May was more than half gone by, the Communards came in, crying, "Come, you nuns, clear out!" And, despite the prayers of the wounded soldiers and the tears of the schoolchildren, they had to go. The women of the neighborhood, who knew

how good they were, called the Communards all the names that an angry Frenchwoman can use, and took the sisters to their own homes. The Abbé Juge, being "a parson, only fit to be set up against a wall and fired at," was put in prison. Had he been locked up in the fourth section, he would have shared the fate of the archbishop, the Abbé Deguerry, and the rest; but he was put into the third section, where the prisoners, encouraged by their warders, showed fight, and held out till the Versaillais came in. Before the end of May the sisters came back to find their house gutted, but their beloved chaplain safe. The prefect of the Seine thought that housing and training little blind girls was a work deserving State help; so they got four thousand francs that year, and received a gradually lessening sum up to 1876, when it was finally withdrawn.

And what sort of girls are those for whom Anne Bergunion gave up her life? Those who want to know something about them should read M. du Camp's paper in this year's *Revue des Deux Mondes* for April 1st. However much they may know of English blind asylums, they will learn a great deal from what he says about the ways of blind people. What are their dreams like? It seems the simplest thing in the world when one comes to think of it; and yet, if you were asked, you would hardly answer off-hand that the dreams of one born blind must needs be dark, colorless — all the life that is in them being in the way of noise and touch. With those, on the other hand, who have lost their sight, the dream-memory grows dimmer and dimmer, forming, while it is fresh, a sort of double life which a blind poetess, Berthe de Calonne, who, as a girl, saw the Swiss lakes, very prettily describes.

I said that many of those described by M. du Camp are affected with nervous disorders, and no wonder, for many come of a half-mad stock. Among Anne's girls was one poor creature whose mother caught her as she came back from a visit to her grandmother, and, sharpening a knife, deliberately put out her eyes. She would have cut her throat but for the neighbors, whom the child's cries attracted just in time. Dr. Dupin got her sent to the institute; but at eighteen she had to leave, and, finding it impossible to get a livelihood in her own village, she came to the sisterhood. M. du Camp found two other girls who had lost their eyes in a most remarkable way; pet birds had, in

an instant, pecked at them. Their case touched him, for, when a child, he was very nearly blinded by a pet partridge.

The great value of the sisterhood is that the blind sisters, knowing what blindness is, and how it inverts the usual order of thought, have been able to train the novices so successfully, that almost every one about the place seems to have two sets of faculties—those which are peculiar to the blind, and those which belong to the seeing. One knows how wonderfully the former are developed; it is as if they saw with their foreheads, knowing at once whether the blinds are down or not, whether there is a table in the middle of a room, and so forth, by the sensation of fulness or otherwise, which they receive on coming into it. This sense is in the forehead, or rather below the eyebrows; for if you bind a handkerchief across a blind man's eyes he is helpless; you may see blind children "blindfolded" and playing blind man's buff with as much spirit as if they had their eyesight. Of course the sense of touch is also greatly intensified; the children never made a mistake in naming whom they catch. That is why everything about these Sisters of St. Paul, their own dress included, is so scrupulously clean. We usually couple blindness with dirt, but a well-trained blind person cannot bear a particle of dust on dress or person; it is a real annoyance to the nerves which nature, by way of partial compensation, has refined to such a pitch of sensitiveness.

And what are all these blind girls taught to do? It is knitting—knitting from morning to night; none of the manifold works which are attempted more or less successfully in our blind schools. The blind can be taught to do these, but not so as to compete with those who have their eyesight, thinks M. du Camp. He does not speak of mat and basket making, but he mentions turning; and there, he says, the work of the blind is a total failure. They can be taught to use the lathe, but what they make is so badly made, that nobody would buy it except as a curiosity. Knitting seems to come naturally to blind fingers. Sewing is too hard; embroidery cannot be managed at all; and so Mother Anne's girls knit—and, like knitters in England, get very poor prices for their work; three-halfpence for a pair of children's "booties," which have to be finished off and the buttons sewn on by some one who can see. They certainly do not

live by their work, and yet, small as is the pay they get, the Paris needlewomen grumble. We hear the same thing in England—prison work brings down prices. During the Commune all prison work was stopped (of course, the convents being suppressed, their competition was not to be feared); but, before long, work had to be given out in the women's prison—there was no other way of keeping them quiet.

If the pay were better, the diet would be more generous, for that is M. du Camp's only grievance. These self-denying sisters feed their poor pupils very well, but they rather starve themselves. "Blindness is so often a sign of scrofulous temperament that something better is needed than the thin beer which is brewed on the premises." M. du Camp is clearly not an abstainer; he believes in the virtues of that wine which so many of his countrymen are abandoning for baser liquors. Of course, there is plenty of writing in the home. The strangest thing in the world is to see a blind man or woman reading with one hand, and with the other making a copy of what he or she is reading. The sisters have a printing-press, and, besides printing their own class-books, they print M. de la Sizeranne's blind-magazine, the *Louis Braille*, which comes out every month, and contains not only practical advice, but literary, scientific, and musical news. M. de la Sizeranne lost his sight when quite a child, and has, since he grew up, devoted himself as ardently as Mother Anne herself to the welfare of his brothers and sisters in affliction.

The books of the sisterhood are, thinks M. du Camp, too much of one class—the goody-goody. He remarks how delighted a class of the blind children were with the reading of "Robinson Crusoe," and recommends that something should be done to cultivate the fancy as well as "the soul."

But, even though they starve themselves, and starve, too, the imaginations of their girls, Anne Bergunion's sisters are doing a wonderful work. The home contains sixty-six blind girls, some of whom pay a little; others are partly paid for by their parishes; the majority are wholly supported by the sisterhood. There are many good works going on in "frivolous Paris," but none which is so markedly the outcome of one woman's energy as the Home of the Sisters of St. Paul.

From Chambers' Journal.  
CYPRUS LOCUSTS.

BY A DWELLER IN THE EAST.

EVERYBODY who has read anything about the East must be acquainted with the plague of locusts. I distinctly remember that when a small boy I was more impressed by the accounts of the enormous extent of their flocks than with anything else my books could tell me. There was to me something appalling, and at the same time attractive, in the swarms stretching for miles, which obscured the sun, and devoured everything green wherever they settled. It is difficult, if not impossible, for any one brought up in our temperate regions to realize such a state of things. We hear, to be sure, of damage done to crops at home; just now it is sparrows; not very long since it was game; next year it may be something else; but in all these cases it is simply damage — perhaps one per cent., or five per cent., or ten per cent. But with locusts it means not damage, but destruction, or, better still, annihilation of the crop. Fancy an English farmer turning out after breakfast and admiring his six-acre field of wheat, deliciously green, about two feet high. Fancy him, too, coming home to dinner at noon and seeing this same field as bare as his hand. This is no exaggeration, but a plain matter-of-fact illustration of what may be seen any spring where these abominable insects abound. Once seen, it can never be forgotten.

I have had my recollection of these creatures and their ways revived by a Parliamentary paper entitled, "Report of the Locust Campaign of 1884, by Mr. S. Brown, Government Engineer, Cyprus." It gives the results of the measures employed to stay the plague to which the island has for ages been subject; and so far it is satisfactory enough. The locusts have been put down, and for most people that is the chief point. I notice that the *Times* has devoted about half a column to the paper, but has contented itself with simply copying the salient points, the writer evidently knowing nothing of the subject. The paper itself presupposes a knowledge of a certain nature, which no one except those who are acquainted with the district can be expected to possess. I venture, therefore, to supply the information necessary to a thorough understanding of the subject.

Speaking as a dweller in the East, I may say that we have had the locusts with us always. In the old, old days, they

were sent by the gods; in less remote times, they were a dispensation of Providence. They came and went, leaving lamentable traces of their progress. But it was in the nature of things that it should be so, and nobody ever thought of trying if something could not be done to stop their ravages. Under Turkish rule, of course this feeling was intensified by the fatalism peculiar to their faith. The locusts came of their own accord, and went off in the same way; it was *kismet*, and there was nothing to be done. But even Mohammedans in time cannot escape altogether the influence of Western ideas, and some thirty years ago it occurred to Osman Pasha, then governor of Cyprus, to try and make head against the scourge which devastated the island. He was earnest in the cause, but unfortunately died before measures could possibly have had any effect. His successors, as a rule, talked a great deal, but, after the manner of their race, did nothing. A tax was imposed on the peasants, which was to be devoted to the purchase and destruction of locusts' eggs. This was all very well; but as the officials helped themselves to from fifty to ninety per cent. of the money collected, very little impression was made on the swarms. And then, again, as three parts sand and one part eggs did duty as eggs, it is not to be wondered at that the insects were as plentiful as ever.

So things went on till about fifteen years ago, when Said Psha became governor. He kept on the system of buying eggs, but with this important difference, that when he paid for eggs he saw that he got them. He put some Europeans on the commission of superintendence, had the eggs stored, and authorized their destruction only after his personal inspection. The proceedings were open to the light of day, and everything was done to prevent imposition. The result was admirable; in three years, locusts' eggs were as valuable as those of the silkworm; and in 1870, it was officially reported that the insect had ceased to exist in Cyprus. This, however, proved to be an exaggeration. No doubt, a great impression had been made; swarms were no longer to be met with by the ordinary traveller; but it is plain that a good many did remain in out-of-the-way and difficult districts.

In 1872 it was reported that locusts were reappearing. This was pronounced to be a calumny, and the observers were referred to the official report, showing that the locust had ceased to exist in Cyprus

— which, of course, was conclusive! In 1875, however, denial was no longer possible; no one with eyes in his head could doubt the existence of countless myriads of plundering insects. Said Pasha by this time had left the island, and his successor was of a different character, and did nothing to stop their increase, which accordingly went on unchecked till the British occupation in 1878. As may be imagined, the question very soon engaged the attention of the authorities, and a determined set was made against the creatures. In the autumn of 1879, thirty-seven and a half tons of eggs were collected and destroyed, and in the spring of that year an enormous number of insects were trapped. In 1880 larger swarms than ever appeared, a great many of which were trapped, and two hundred and thirty-six tons of their eggs collected. In 1881 the locusts came in still greater numbers, and in the autumn and winter, thirteen hundred and thirty tons of eggs were destroyed. It was evident that what had been done was a trifle; exceptional measures were declared to be necessary, and preparations were accordingly made on a very large scale for the campaign of 1882. It was shown that egg-collecting alone was not to be depended upon. One may think that this affords the easiest means of destruction, and so it does, if you can be sure of getting at all the eggs. But the breeding grounds are situated in remote and rugged districts, to patrol which properly means a very large supply of labor, and even then it becomes a mere question of eyesight, which often fails. Up to a certain stage in its existence the insect creeps but cannot fly, and it is then that it must be taken. Trapping the non-flying insects is therefore the feature which forms the salient matter of Mr. Brown's report, but which will not be understood by the public without explanation.

The report opens with a statement of the material employed. This consisted of two thousand canvas screens, each fifty yards long; one hundred thousand five hundred square yards of canvas for screens; twelve thousand six hundred and eleven square yards oilcloth; twenty tons zinc for traps; and seventy-six thousand one hundred and eighty-three stakes for the screens, besides cordage and other minor articles. As the reports from the breeding districts came in, it was thought this supply would prove insufficient, and Mr. Brown therefore caused one thousand additional screens to be made up, and three thousand seven hundred and eighty

traps of a new type to be cut out of the zinc received from England. The total apparatus, therefore, when operations began, amounted to eleven thousand and eighty-three screens, each fifty yards long, and thirteen thousand and eight traps; with the necessary complement of stakes, tools, and tents for laborers. To give an idea of the total length of the screens, it may be mentioned, that if stretched continuously they would form a line three hundred and fifteen miles long, almost enough to encircle the whole island. In order to work all this material, labor was necessary, and accordingly contracts were made to a maximum of thirteen hundred and ninety-eight laborers.

This is all very interesting; but what is the meaning of it? What are screens? What is canvas wanted for? What do they do with oilcloth? And what sort of traps do they make out of zinc? This is what Mr. Brown does not tell us, and this is exactly the information which I propose to supply. The first step in the process is to begin with a little natural history.

The female locust is provided with a sort of sword-like appendage, with which she makes a hole in the ground, in which she deposits her eggs. Over these she exudes a glutinous matter, which hardens by exposure, in time forming a case impervious to wet, cold, or even fire, the whole resembling a small silk cocoon. The number of eggs in each of these is variously estimated; some say a hundred, others eighty; but Mr. Brown by actual experiment finds that the average may be taken at thirty-two, and that the sexes are produced in about equal proportion. It is not difficult, therefore, to calculate the rate of increase, allowing fifty per cent. to be lost through the operation of natural causes, birds, caterpillars, etc. A couple of locusts will thus produce sixteen individuals or eight couples the first year; next year, the product will be a hundred and twenty-eight, or sixty-four couples; the third year, eight times that; and so on — a calculation which may be carried on to any length you like, and which will explain the countless myriads which every body has heard of.

The female having performed her duty in reproducing her species, is of no further use, and both she and her partner disappear — that is to say, they both die. It is a popular belief in Cyprus that the male eats the female and dies of the consequent indigestion. But a more scientific explanation of the fact is, that as by the end of July — beyond which locusts are

never seen — everything green is burnt up by the sun, their food fails, and they die of starvation. There is no mistake about their death; every open pool of water is full of them, and the stench is abominable, and one may walk along the coast for miles amongst their dead bodies, washed up by the sea. The eggs remain in the ground till hatched by the warmth of the spring sun, which brings them out early in March. If the season should be cold or wet, the only effect is to delay the hatching; the eggs never appear to get addled. At the beginning of April this year the swarms were on the march, and operations began, and were continued till the 13th of May, when all that were left were on the wing. It is by taking advantage of the habits of the creature that the greatest success in its destruction is achieved. The young locusts as soon as they can crawl go in search of green food. Impelled by this instinct, they go straight on, turning neither to the right nor to the left. They are remarkably short of sense; they can do nothing but follow their nose, and have not an idea of turning a corner. If a locust on the march were to meet with a lamp-post, he would never think of going round it, but would climb up to the top and come down on the other side. It is by taking advantage of this steady, plodding perseverance that the arch-inventor man makes the creature work its own destruction. Some twenty years ago, Mr. Richard Mattei, an Italian gentleman, and large landed proprietor in Cyprus, made various experiments, which have resulted in the employment of the screens and traps which are mentioned in Mr. Brown's report. The manner of operation is as follows.

In early spring, it was reported to headquarters that one hundred and thirty-three breeding-grounds had been discovered. Each of these was therefore screened off by a ring fence. The screens are formed of canvas about two feet high, on the top of which are sewn about four inches of oilcloth. These are arranged so as to form a zigzag with angles of about one hundred and thirty-five degrees. At intervals, pits are dug of a regulation size — a cubic yard — so as to facilitate computation. The locusts on the march come up to the screen, climb up the canvas, get on to the oilcloth, and straightway slip down. Nothing daunted, they try again, again, and again, each time edging a little nearer to the angle. Arriving here at last, they find a pit, into which they fall or jump. Naturally, they climb up again; but find

at the top a framework of wood, lined on the inside with sheet zinc, on which they cannot walk, and consequently they fall back into the pit. Imagine thousands of the creatures all doing this at the same time, and the result will be, of course, that one-half smothers the other half, and in its turn gets smothered by a few handfuls of earth, which the laborer, always on the watch, takes care to apply at the proper moment. The pit is then full, and is counted as such in the daily report. Mr. Brown gives full details. The "full" pits contained a depth of eighteen inches of locusts; pits three-quarters, one-half, one-quarter, and one eighth full were returned as such, and when reduced to "full" pits, the total number amounted to fifteen thousand nine hundred and nineteen. The whole number, however, of pits in which locusts were trapped was twenty-six thousand and sixteen, and the total number of pits dug far exceeded this.

Every pains was taken to arrive at a correct account of the number of locusts thus destroyed, and the number for this year is set down at the enormous total of fifty-six thousand one hundred and sixteen millions. Last year the number was computed approximately at one hundred and ninety-five thousand millions. With such a destruction, it was believed that this year the swarms would be less; and this anticipation was fully realized, less than one-third appearing of what was visible in 1883. This is extremely satisfactory, when we find that the swarms of 1883 were as numerous as those of 1882, which in their turn greatly exceeded those of 1881. In fact, up to 1883 the locusts had been gaining ground; now they are losing it; and it only needs care and watchfulness on our part to thoroughly exterminate them, or at any rate to render them practically harmless. For if the locust can only find food, it will not travel; they march simply in order to get wherewith to support existence; and if they can find enough near their birthplace, they will stop there. But of course this cannot be allowed, when we think of their multiplication next year and the years after. No; it is a question of war to the "pit." Efforts must not be relaxed; the system of reports from the breeding districts will still be continued; and the supply of screens and traps must always be ready for use.

This year, the large supply of material was used in a much more careful and methodical way than in any previous year. Some idea of the extent of the operations

may be gathered from the fact that in one district — that of Tchingerli — there was a continuous line of screens without a break for twenty-seven miles in length, arranged in three great loops connected by a common centre. Another breeding-ground was surrounded by screens sixteen miles long; and there were many other similar cases. With screens thus fixed, with plenty of pits, and with careful supervision, the destruction should be complete. Accidents, however, will occur, some of which are preventable, whilst others are not. Heavy rains and floods, for instance, swept away some of the screens; and there were also cloudy and windy days, when the locusts will not march, and of course will not fill the pits. No doubt, occasion was taken on such days to help in the destruction by manual labor; every little helps; and it is not difficult to slay one's thousands and tens of thousands when the victims are all close together. It is not unusual to meet the creatures in a body a mile wide and a mile deep. They are about an inch and a quarter long, and a quarter of an inch wide, and march with an interval of about an inch, progressing some half-mile a day.

One would think that the importance of information to headquarters would be patent to everybody in the island; yet such is the apathy, not to say stupidity, of some of the islanders, that Mr. Brown was surprised and disgusted to hear that whilst operations were at the height, locusts had been discovered at the extreme east point of the island, which had been reported free. Not only so, but no locusts had existed within thirty-five miles, nor had any been seen flying in that direction. Material was at once forwarded, but unfortunately too late, as the insects had almost arrived at the flying stage, when nothing can be done. One might as well try to reduce midges by squashing them between the hands. The district was found to be only a small one — less than half a mile in diameter. It may safely be left next year to Mr. Brown's tender care.

What is the result of all this time, trouble, and expense? You could traverse the locust area and see very few; whereas in May and June of previous years you might ride through flights some of which would cover an area of several square miles. The small number that are left are thinly scattered over a comparatively small area, and as they find sufficient food in the natural grasses, they do not migrate. This year, up to August not a single flight has been seen, and best of

all, nothing has been heard of damage to the crops. It is calculated that the survivors of this year do not amount to more than one per cent. of those of last year. The problem, therefore, appears to be solved; all that is necessary is a small annual expenditure to keep the material and labor in working order.

From Longman's Magazine.  
SERVANTS OLD AND NEW.

MR. RUSKIN justly characterizes as one of the finest passages in fiction, for delicacy, pathos, and deep feeling, the return of Henry Morton to his uncle's house.

After a most pathetic interview between Ailie Wilson and Henry, told as only Sir Walter could tell it, the old housekeeper bestows upon her late master's nephew the whole of the property left to her by Milnwood, but, with a true old servant's pride in household concerns, begs him first to visit the oak parlor.

"How grandly it's keepit, just as if ye had been expected home every day! I loot naebody sort it but my ain hands. It was a kind of diversion to me, though whiles the tear wan into my ee, and I said to myself, 'What needs I fash wi' grates, and carpets, and cushions, and the muckle brass candlesticks ony mair? for they'll ne'er come home that aught it rightly!'"

Henry, we are told, is overcome by so much generosity from one whom he had always regarded as sordidly parsimonious and niggardly in small things.

There are no characters that are greater masterpieces of artistic excellence than the portraits that Sir Walter has drawn of old servants. He thoroughly understood natures that were at once simple, ignorant, and faithful, and could paint with lifelike veracity the *naïve* craftiness which, whilst dedicating itself to unlimited loyalty to one person, remained callous to the feelings of others, or even indifferent to the dictates of common honesty, as shown in Caleb Balderstone. It is about an old and valued servant, who lived long in the service of a relation's family, in whom were found all the love and fidelity of Rose Flammock, all the self-sacrifice of Cuddie Headrigg, and all the zeal and pride of Jenny Dennison, joined to an incorruptible honesty, that I am desirous of writing a short account.

Mary Maria Whitaker was born in the year 1800. She was one of a large family.

Her father was a stonemason, whilst his wife brought up his children in habits of the strictest thrift and economy.

"I can never remember the time when I could not knit," she has often said to me; "and when I got old enough I had to mind the baby, wash and dress my younger brothers and sisters, mend their linen, and keep them from getting into mischief. At ten years old my mother taught me how to make the beds, to bake a loaf, to hem a cloth, and to sweep the floor. A little older she showed me how to cut out my dresses, or how to turn and make up her old ones for the younger children. In those days people would have thought it a foolish thing for folks in our station to have bought ready-made clothes for their children; and as to buying bread, why, we should all have looked upon that as a disgrace. But now everybody buys their bread, and it's often poisonous, unhealthy stuff, most fit for the pig-trough: that's what I think of baker's bread;" and the good old lady would always toss her head and purse up her mouth as she uttered these sentiments.

"When I was fifteen years of age, my father and mother told me that I was then old enough to go out to service and make my own way in the world; so it was settled that I should apply for the place of scullery-maid in Squire Dalton's family, as we had heard that the housekeeper wanted a girl there to help her. My mother at parting said, 'Mary Maria Whitaker, you are now a strong, fine, tall, well-grown girl,' and here my dear old friend would always pause in her narration and smile complacently, although from good contemporaneous authority I have always been assured that her height in her prime could never have exceeded five feet one inch. "'You are,'" she would continue, repeating the words of her mother, "'a hard-working body. You can knit a tidy pair of stockings; I can trust you to dust out the corners proper, and father doesn't complain of your baking, whilst you can pluck a fowl or roast a leg of mutton with the best of them; and you can hem, cross-stitch, and mark; so that you are a credit to your family. And although you're no great "scholard" you can spell out the easy chapters of your Bible, which is as much as any respectable girl need want; and for the rest, father and I have taught you to fear God and behave reverently to your betters, whilst I hope you will always keep a kind heart for the poor and the sick.' Mistress Wilmot, old Squire Dalton's housekeeper,

was pleased with my appearance, and duly engaged me. She was," Mrs. Whitaker once informed me, "a servant of a kind not now to be found. She dressed in the old-fashioned style, and wore a large muslin cap tied tightly under her chin, a fichu over her shoulders, and a spotless white linen apron with very big pockets. Her face had habitually a stern expression, and her voice was shrill in giving an order. To the lazy or negligent she was severe and harsh, but for the under-servant who was painstaking and thorough in her work she had a kind smile at times, and I always found her," Mrs. Whitaker told me, "good enough to me after she had got over a certain suspicion she invariably entertained towards a new-comer."

On one occasion, when I was a guest at Malden Priory, I sought my old friend out in her pretty little sitting-room, which had been refurnished by her master and mistress in order to please her. Here, like Miss Matthey in Mrs. Gaskell's charming story, Mrs. Whitaker had protected her new carpet from the rays of the sun by sheets of itinerant newspaper, whilst her curtains were always pinned back before the room was swept, for fear any dust should attach itself to them, and nobody with muddy boots ever obtained admittance into her apartment.

A sleek black cat purred before a cheerful wood fire, whilst hanging near each window was a cage containing a canary, the gifts of the "young ladies," I was informed.

"Come in, my dear young lady," said Mrs. Whitaker; and after she had put another log on the fire, and begged me to be seated in her most comfortable armchair, she began to tell me of many things in the old days when she first entered the service of my cousin's father.

After informing me how frightened she had been as a girl when she had applied to Mrs. Wilmot for the vacant situation of scullery-maid, on account of that good lady's stern manner and demeanor, and yet how anxious she had been to be engaged, as her father had been the mason employed in constructing part of the house, she went on to tell me what had been her wages on entering the old squire's service.

"My wages were 4*l.* 10*s.* a year, besides butter, tea, sugar, and other food. I had butcher's meat once a day, unless at such times when a fatted pig was killed, when I had a sausage instead for my midday meal, or maybe a slice of fresh pork. This seemed to me as good food as the most

dainty girl need wish for. Not but what there's many young persons now that enter 'Master Harry's' service so discontented that they would look upon such money as poor pay and such food as poor living; but tea was then 12s. per pound, and seemed to me a delicacy only to be drunk on great occasions or by great people."

Although my cousin, Sir Henry Dalton, was considerably past fifty when this little conversation between Mrs. Whitaker and myself took place, he remained always in her eyes the boyish young squire of thirty years ago; whilst his sisters, who had grown-up daughters at their sides, never grew older in her thoughts, and were to her the "young ladies" of old days. During the many years of my acquaintance with Mrs. Whitaker her toilets consisted of but two in number — a little old-fashioned print gown, worn over balloon petticoats of a past mode, for everyday or common wear, and a stately black silk, the gift of my cousin's mother, in which she duly appeared on Sundays and on all festivities.

"What did you bring to the Hall by way of your trousseau?" I once asked.

"A small enough stock compared to what there's many that bring here now," was the reply. "But then," continued my old friend with bitterness, "there's no distinguishing now between a serving wench and a lady of quality, excepting that the real ladies nowadays dress in black and suchlike dark color, whereas the idle hussies put their wares on their backs and gallivant about in velvets and satins of red and blue. In my time it was a very different thing. No under-servant ever thought of wearing a plume in her bonnet or a flower in her hat. The most that girls ever wore in our station was a knot of ribbon; and as to jewellery, oh my!" and here Mrs. Whitaker held up her hands in pious horror, "why, such a thing as that would have been thought an insult to their masters and mistresses. Now," she added sadly, "everything's sold in the shops cheap and bad," and it seemed to her as if the dignity and splendor had departed from velvet and satin. "When I entered Master Harry's papa's service, I thought three print sprigged dresses enough for any decent girl, and then I had four pair of good stockings; and I know they were good, for I knitted them myself," enunciated the old lady with pride; "and though my linen was only of unbleached calico, still there was not a hole in it anywhere to be found. As to gloves,

they were only then worn by the gentry, but my good mother gave me, soon after I went to the Hall, a pair of black mittens she had knitted herself, so that I might look as nice as the rest on Sundays."

"Did you like your late mistress?" I asked, taking up from the table a miniature of that lady done by Hargreaves some sixty years ago.

"*Like?*" was the answer. "A servant didn't like her mistress in my time, but I reverence her as the best lady I ever knew. Not but what she was a sweet, pretty creature when I first saw her. She wore then her hair in lovely curls, had a skin like alabaster and the most beautiful soft gray eyes that I have ever seen. I can see her now as I saw her the first time she ever spoke to me, and it must have been about a fortnight after I came to the Hall. She wore a dove-colored grey gown and a large hat trimmed with ostrich's feathers. 'So you are Mrs. Wilmet's new little maid?' she said; to which I curtsied low, and replied that 'I hoped I gave satisfaction.' Whereupon she said, 'Be a good girl, my child, and I will be your friend!'"

Over seventy years must have elapsed since this little interview between Mrs. Whitaker and her former mistress had taken place, but my good old friend's eyes always filled with tears when she recalled this little incident of the past.

The observation recorded of some one who, whilst visiting Paris, was asked what had most struck her during her tour in France, replied, "To hear little children, not the height of my parasol, talk French," is not more *naïve* than the ordinary incredulity entertained by the youth of every generation as to the possibility of their grandfathers and grandmothers ever having been young like themselves. In the same way let it be said, to my shame, I had always considered Mrs. Dalton as an old lady entirely given up to the performance of good works and acts of charity, but not as a blooming young creature in dove-colored silk with liquid gray eyes.

"How did you busy yourself, Mrs. Whitaker?" I asked. My inquiry elicited the following reply: —

"I got up at four o'clock and helped to light the fires in winter. People weren't so lazy then as they are nowadays, and the finest lady would not then have thought it a hardship to be up to her breakfast at eight o'clock. After I had seen to the fires I baked the rolls for the squire, as he always liked them crisp and hot. After breakfast I peeled the potatoes, cleaned

the pans or the pewter with elder-leaves, and washed up the dishes. As Mrs. Whitaker was pleased to say, I 'was of good understanding; I soon learned from her how to bake the cakes for the parlor and how to make the strange foreign dishes, though for my part I always consider kickshaws and such like but poor, unwholesome food, and bad for remaining long whiles on the stomach. In the afternoon I plied my needle, for Mistress Whitaker gave to each of us a task to do, and if I could get mine done in time I was allowed to help Molly, the dairymaid, to drive in the cows and aid her in milking them."

"Did you never have any play?" I asked.

"If you mean gallivanting about, my dear young lady," was the reply, "we certainly had none of that. It was not then considered necessary, in order to be happy, to gad about here, there, and everywhere. The servants at the Priory always had their proper feasts and festivals, according to the seasons of the year. They had a goose twice a year, at Michaelmas and on New Year's Day, a turkey and plum-pudding at Christmas, not to speak of a large cake on Twelfth Night, pancakes on Shrove Tuesday, hot cross buns and salted fish on Good Friday, and Easter eggs on Easter Sunday. Then as to diversions, they always played at snapdragon and burnt the Yule log at Christmas, and duly danced out the old year, whilst we all drank from one bowl some fermity as the stable clock struck twelve. Then there was the harvest home, when the squire gave a dinner to all the farm laborers and a tea to all their wives, and everything was of the best; after which we all danced on the green, whilst my old uncle, James Tedloft, played us tunes, and we danced such merry dances as 'Haste to the wedding,' 'Four hands across and down the middle,' and we always wound up with 'Sir Roger de Coverley' and three cheers for the squire and his good lady. And, my word, they did dance then," continued the old lady with animation. "In those days every lad and lass minded their steps, pointed their toes, and kept time to the music. Now dancing is nothing but twirling round, and not decent either to my mind. Everything is changed, and not for the better, I can assure you," Mrs. Whitaker said with a sigh. "It was a good time when I was young, when the rich gave freely and the poor were thankful. We didn't hear then so much of 'trades

unions' and 'strikes' and suchlike. Now it's very different. The poor are educated and are impudent to their betters, and disdain their fathers and mothers because they can't read the hard books that they can pen; whilst the rich complain of seasonable weather, and go to foreign parts and spend their good money away from home, and nobody takes a pride in England. The gentry buy everything now from France and America, to the ruin of the farmers and to the abolition of the good ale that stood once in silver tankards on every gentleman's table."

Mrs. Whitaker still continued in my cousin's employment, in the confidential capacity of housekeeper, several years after she was eighty. She never seemed to feel old and never would allow that she was so. "When I get old," she would say, as a contingency which was not to be contemplated. She retained all her habits of activity until the week before her death. She never could be persuaded to take a seat in Lady Dalton's presence, as she alleged that it was discordant from her notions of propriety and etiquette, and that she never had addressed the gentry so and never would.

She was a complete mistress of all household arts. Her preserves were excellent, and her hams and bacon had quite a little local celebrity amongst my cousin's acquaintance.

Every year she sent to a peer (an old friend of hers) a ham, two jars of pickles, and a cake, always made with her own hands and according to a special recipe. Enclosed in the hamper containing the provisions was a letter addressed to Lord S., beginning thus: "My Lord, dear Friend,"

To Lady Dalton she invariably wrote "Madam, dear Friend." This has always appeared to me the most beautiful commencement of a letter from an old and attached servant, combining respect with affection. She always concluded her letter by sending "her duty" and piously hoping that the blessing of God would rest upon her master's family.

Mrs. Whitaker was very tenacious of her authority and would not be gainsaid in any household matters. An officious but well-meaning and zealous young curate, who was much impressed by the wickedness of the inhabitants of his new parish, begged leave from Mrs. Whitaker to come up to the Hall once a week and admonish and rebuke the servants there for their various sins. This proposition

she utterly declined. "It's your place, sir, to tell us of our sins on Sundays in church, and it's my place here on weekdays in my own household."

She also resented keenly any interference on my cousin's part in matters that she deemed her own special department. If her master or mistress ventured to suggest a change, however small, it never met with her approval, and she would always say, "I couldn't do with that. No, dear sir" or "madam," as the case might be, "I think I know better what's befitting a gentleman's household."

She seldom would summon a doctor if the servants were ill, and only if seriously so. Many were her preparations and decoctions for internal and external use. Her care of the house was excessive, which, be it said, she regarded far more as her own than the property of her master or mistress. During their absence from Malden Priory all the furniture was carefully encased in brown holland wrappers, and the china ornaments were all wrapped in silver paper, to prevent them suffering from the injurious effects of dust or dirt. On their return it was her delight to fill my cousin's Lowestoft cups with the gay blossoms of the everlasting, and to replenish her delft jars with the most fragrant *pot pourri*. Her literature consisted of but two classes of books, the perusal of the Bible on Sundays and the investigation of the tradesmen's weekly bills on week days.

Many were the times, when I have stayed on a visit with my cousins, that I have peeped in through Mrs. Whitaker's little sitting-room window, overlooking the old bowling-green in the Priory garden, and discovered my old friend immersed in the contemplation of the weekly bills. She conscientiously added up herself every one of their columns, and always detected the slightest error, whilst her method of bookkeeping and managing accounts was excellent. She disliked all foreigners, but her hatred of the French had all the intensity and freshness of 1815. Whenever my cousins returned from a tour on the Continent, she always expressed thankfulness for their preservation, but hoped that, as they had been spared this once, they would never tempt Providence by going there again. The old caricature in *Punch* of the two foreigners looking at a wash-handstand, and inquiring of each other "Vat is dat?" would have been in her eyes but sober reality. On Lady Dalton's first visit abroad her husband's dismay may be bet-

ter imagined than described when, on reaching Calais, an enormous packing-case was discovered amongst her luggage containing towels and soap, her lady's maid having been led to believe by Mrs. Whitaker that such articles were not to be procured in France.

Happily her last illness was not attended with much suffering and was of short duration. On a Monday she got up, but for the first time for over seventy years did not make her own bed. She came down-stairs, but was soon afterwards seized with a shivering fit, and had to be carried up to her own room again, where the old family doctor, an old personal friend of hers, attended her. She fretted much at first at her enforced idleness and at the notion that her keys would be handled and used by others. After a few days she steadily grew weaker, but happily at the same time became reconciled to her condition. She talked much of former days, of her father and mother, and of that period which was specially dear to her, the early days of her service at Malden Priory. Towards the close of the third day she seemed to suffer greatly, but her end was mercifully painless. At last she slept away into the other life, the change between life and death being almost imperceptible.

Thus ended, after a long career of usefulness, of great fidelity, of daily fortitude and goodness, my dear old friend, about whom may be said, as of others in her position:—

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

It may perhaps be said that old servants are difficult to deal with, over-sensitive, and often obstinate in refusing to carry out any alteration or to allow any necessary change; but the old saying must be remembered, "To no man a second mother," and so likewise none of us will find in the world the same devotion that is so often evinced by an old servant to his master. Deep love and tender affection, even if accompanied by what may seem ridiculous and tiresome, form sweet and lasting ties, and are debts that can never be paid.

Even the delicate satire of Du Maurier, and the broader humor of Leech, have failed to exaggerate the follies of modern servants and the foolish and fanciful causes given by them for quitting the service of their employers.

"To leave in order to get a change" is become between masters and servants a regular, recognized reason.

"I have no faults to find against you and Lord G——," a housemaid said to a friend of mine a short time ago, "but I want a change, and I don't like H——shire scenery or air."

Another friend of mine had a footman who left her "because," he said, "he could no longer stay, as he regretted to find that his employer did not keep the company that he had been accustomed to."

A scullery-maid that had been engaged for me begged to leave, as she declined to take any orders from *me*, declaring that she could only take orders from the person who had engaged her.

A foreman in the employment of one of my friends allowed a great quantity of his master's greenhouse glass to be broken during a storm, "because," he said, "it was not his place to close the windows, and that he wasn't engaged to tell the second man his business."

A maid to whom I once offered a situation declined it on the ground that she had once lived in a duke's family, and could not possibly sink lower than a viscount's, or else, to use her own words, "she would lose all self-respect," whilst a housemaid left me because she declared that she considered the menservants of the establishment too deficient in good looks to keep company with. That the feelings as regarded her had been reciprocal on the part of the male attendants I have always had my shrewd suspicions; for nobody, save perhaps herself, would have described her as a beauty.

It is easy to multiply such incidents, and the above anecdotes will doubtless recall others of a similar character.

Of late there has been a strong attempt on the part of the world to treat service as a mere contract between employer and employed. Certain things are to be done for certain payments, as specified in an agreement, and beyond this no more is to be expected on either side. But men and women are not machines, but breathe, and love, and often act impetuously, and a *mere* contract must always appear to any man who has a spark of the divine fire in his nature as unchristian and immoral. There are more contingencies in life than can ever be foreseen. It is service without love or zeal that is really degrading and menial.

Common as light is love,  
And its familiar voice wearies not ever.

Surely the great Dutch painter dreamt of something nobler than scanty service or mere remuneration when he painted his immortal canvases of Charles and his old retainer or Strafford and his secretary. No true service can be performed without affection. What can be more pathetic or beautiful than the story recorded of the old Welsh woman who, after the fire at Wynnstay in 1858, brought to Lady Wynn her little hoard of savings, begging her to accept them towards the rebuilding of the house?

Whilst modern servants are often much to blame for giving but grudging service, and for taking but scanty care of the goods entrusted to their charge, it would not be fair to conclude without looking at the other side of the medallion.

Masters no longer look upon their servants as part of their family. Masters and mistresses are often impatient and foolishly exacting, and expect impossibilities in the shape of "old heads on young shoulders." They must not only be just, but kind and indulgent, and not forget that youth is youth in every class.

The severe old spinster who declares that she will allow no followers is unjust and unreasonable, for girls will be in love and have lovers all the world over. The wise mistress of a household inquires into the character of the *prétendant*, and if that is satisfactory allows the young people to meet each other.

Ingratitude, it is to be feared, has become much more common amongst masters than it used to be. It was only the other day that I heard a story of a country *soi-disant* gentleman who allowed his old nurse, when she was crippled with rheumatism, to spend her old age in the workhouse; whilst a magnate who received a peerage from a grateful queen and country for party services, on being told one day that he had shot one of the beaters, replied, "Oh, he must take all that in the day's work," and, although the man was seriously injured, refused to make him any monetary reparation.

A woman well known in "society" once had in her service a kitchenmaid who was suffering from general debility of health. On a doctor seeing her he ordered her a tumbler of new milk every morning. To the surprise of the girl, who knew the stingy habits of her employer, his order was complied with; but in a few months' time, when she was given notice to quit, what was the poor girl's dismay to find that the cost of the milk had been deducted from her slender earnings!

*Noblesse oblige* used to be the old saying; *Noblesse permet* is too often the modern one.

Charities and acts of benevolence in these latter days of ours are done too much by deputy, too little by personal supervision. It is not enough for a rich man to open his pockets or draw a cheque. The delicacy of personal care in cases of sickness and illness is what best knits class to class and draws best the sting from class distinctions.

In the Middle Ages there was a certain grandeur in the extreme humility which induced ladies of the highest rank, in imitation of their Lord, to wash the feet of beggars. It would be folly so far now to copy them in deed, but it is well to remember that the great wave of Socialism, which bids fair to swamp society as now constituted, can only be arrested by constant association of the upper and lower classes and by acts of kindness and generosity from those who possess the good things of this world.

In illness or sickness, therefore, no care is too great, or wasted if lavished upon any member of a household. No expense should be spared to show the servant that, while a master has the right to expect him to regard his interests in health, he feels it his duty to take every opportunity of ministering to his servant's wants in sickness, old age, or trouble.

Every one must feel that *mere* money is not sufficient payment for devoted attention and care in illness; for what can remunerate amply for long sleepless nights or the wearisome irritability of a suffering patient? One of the weaknesses of the present day, to use a homely simile, is the desire of most people "to eat their cake and have it," and servants are not exceptions from this rule. Thus they aspire to all the *laissez-aller* of a democracy in good times and health, and to all the comforts and care of the feudal system in sickness or old age.

"No man is a hero to his valet" runs the bitter old proverb, but a nobler position than the reverse can hardly be imagined.

A man who can remain unspoilt by the applause of the world, by the enthusiasm and hero-worship of literary or political followers, who can still keep pure and remain gentle and unselfish in the little things of daily life, who can pass through the hard ordeal unscathed of worrying circumstances and petty annoyances, is, perhaps, the most beautiful character to be found on earth. To few are given the

eloquence, the power, or the necessary talents that would enable them to add their names to the list of fame; but to all it is possible, from the highest to the lowest, to make their home circle bright or dark, and to inspire those that immediately surround them with respect and affection or contempt and dislike.

CATHERINE MILNES GASKELL.

From Merry England.

#### NAPOLEON THE THIRD.

DOUBTFUL colonels of liberating Greek armies and the men whose gold they get become rather significant as the earliest associates of a prince who had always a certain ignoble companionship at his side, and under whose empire politics talked the cheaper kinds of rhetoric, and society the smarter kinds of slang. Louis was just of age. "Nor would any one," says Lord Malmesbury, "at that time have predicted his great and romantic career. He was a wild, harum-scarum youth, or what the French call *un crâne*, riding at full gallop down the streets to the peril of the public, fencing and pistol-shooting, and apparently without serious thoughts of any kind, although even then he was possessed with the conviction that he would some day rule France. We became friends, but at that time he evinced no remarkable talent or any fixed idea but the one I have mentioned. It grew upon him with his growth, and increased daily until it ripened into a certainty. He was a very good horseman, and proficient at athletic games, being short but very active and muscular. His face was grave and dark, but redeemed by a singularly bright smile. Such was his personal appearance in 1829, at twenty-one years of age. He used to have several old officers of his uncle, the emperor, about him, men who seemed to me to be ready for any adventure." And when the future emperor came to London it is at a doubtful house like Lady Blessington's that we find him oftenest, and it was from companions in exile—discontents not highly exalted above the politicians of Leicester Square, that we had the most abundant remembrances of this period in his life. We find him indeed taking part in the brilliant Eglinton Tournament, held at the castle in Ayrshire in 1839, where, under the smiles of the lovely Lady Seymour, the young French prince with his future minister, Persigny, rode at the side

of Lord Eglinton in his gold-inlaid armor. But otherwise he seems to have foregathered chiefly, at least after his escape from Ham, with the frequenters of that suspected drawing-room into which English ladies did not enter. By that time the harum-scarum boy of Rome had changed into the silent man, with wandering averted eyes and dull manner, who is familiar in the description of his associates. The Boulogne episode and the detention in prison were then a part of his experience. It was on the eve of that wild exploit that Lord Malmesbury saw him standing one night with Persigay, after a party at Lady Blessington's, both wrapped in cloaks on the steps of her house. "You look like two conspirators," said the diarist, as he passed them, to which Louis Napoleon made the dramatic answer, "You may be nearer right than you think." Two days later he had started in a steamer hired for a fortnight, had landed near Boulogne with fifty followers, had marched to the barracks where the soldiers utterly refused to listen to him, had fled before the arrival of the National Guard, had been swamped in a life-boat and picked up clinging to a buoy a short distance from shore. The adventure had ended more seriously for some of his companions, who were killed after they had surrendered, while others requisitioned the horses of some English spectators and got away. His trial had followed immediately, exciting "no interest whatever," though it was generally believed that the sentence would be one of confinement for life. Then had come the imprisonment, and Lord Malmesbury had visited him at the castle of Ham on the Somme when the prince had been confined five years. "Early last January," writes Lord Malmesbury in 1845, "he sent M. Ornano to London to ask me to come and see him on a matter of vital importance to himself. I was unable to go till now, and having obtained with some difficulty a permission from M. Guizot to see the prince, I went to Ham on April 20. I found him little changed, and very much pleased to see an old friend fresh from the outer world, and that world London. As I had only half a day allowed me for the interview, he confessed that, although his confidence and courage remained unabated, he was weary of his prison, from which he saw no chance of escaping, as he knew that the French government gave him opportunities of doing so that they might shoot him in the act. He stated that a deputation had arrived from Ecuador offering him the

presidency of the republic if Louis Philippe would release him, and in that case he would give the king his parole never to return to Europe. He had therefore sent for me as a supporter and friend of Sir Robert Peel, at that time our prime minister, to urge Sir Robert to intercede with Louis Philippe to comply with his wishes, promising every possible guarantee for his good faith. The prince was full of a plan for a new canal in Nicaragua, that promised every kind of advantage to British commerce. As a precedent for English official interference I was to quote Earl Grey's in favor of Prince Polignac's release in 1830. I assured the prince that I would do my best; but added that Lord Aberdeen was our foreign secretary, and that there was nothing of romance in his character. At this time Louis Napoleon was deeply engaged in writing the history of artillery, and he took an hour in making me explain the meaning of several technical words in English, which he wished translated. He gave me a full account of his failure at Boulogne, which he declared was entirely owing to the sudden illness of the officer of the day, whom he had secured, and who was to have given up the barracks at once. The soldiers had mostly been gained, and the prestige of his name in the French army was universal. To prove this, he assured me that the cavalry escort of lancers who accompanied him to Ham made him constant gestures of sympathy on the road. He then said, 'You see the sentry under my window? I do not know whether he is one of *mine* or not; if he is he will cross his arms, if not, he will do nothing when I make a sign.' He went to the window and stroked his moustache, but there was no response until three were relieved, when the soldier answered by crossing his arms over his musket. The prince then said, 'You see that my partisans are unknown to me, and so am I to them. My power is in an immortal name, and in that only; but I have waited long enough, and cannot endure imprisonment any longer.' . . . The day after I arrived in London I saw Sir Robert Peel, and related my interview and message to him. He seemed to be greatly interested, and certainly not averse to apply to the French government in the prince's favor, on his conditions, but said he must consult Lord Aberdeen, which of course was inevitable. That evening he wrote to me to say that Lord Aberdeen would not hear of it. Who can tell how this decision of the noble lord may influence future history?"

From Belgravia.

## FRENCH DUELLED.

WHEN it ceased to be the fashion to wear swords in the last century, pistols were soon substituted for personal encounters. This made duelling far less amusing, more dangerous, and proportionally less popular. The duel in England received practically its *coup de grâce* with the new Articles of War of 1844, which discredited the practice in the army by offering gentlemen facilities for public explanation, apology, or arbitration in the presence of their commanding officer. But previous to this "the duel of satisfaction" had assumed the most preposterous forms. Parties agreed to draw lots for pistols and to fight, the one with a loaded, the other with an unloaded weapon. This affair of honor (?) was always at short distances and "point-blank," and the loser was usually killed. Another plan was to go into a dark room together and commence firing. There is a beautiful and pathetic story told of two men, the one a "kind" man and the other a "timid" man, who found themselves unhappily bound to fight, and chose the dark-room duel. The kind man had to fire first, and, not wishing to hurt his adversary, groped his way to the chimney-piece, and, placing the muzzle of his pistol straight up the chimney, pulled the trigger, when, to his consternation, with a frightful yell down came his adversary the "timid" man, who had selected that fatal hiding-place. Another grotesque form was the "medical duel," one swallowing a pill made of bread, the other swallowing one made of poison. When matters had reached this point, public opinion not unnaturally took a turn for the better, and resolved to stand by the old obsolete law against duelling, whilst enacting new by-laws for the army, which of course reacted powerfully, with a sort of professional authority, upon the practice of bellicose civilians.

The duel was originally a mere trial of *might*, like our prize fight; it was so used by armies and nations, as in the case of David and Goliath, or as when Charles V. challenged Charlemagne to single combat. But in mediæval times it got to be also used as a test of *right*, the feeling of a judicial trial by ordeal entering into the struggle between two persons, each claiming right on his side. The judicial trial by ordeal was abandoned in the reign of Elizabeth, but the practice of private duell-

ing has survived in spite of adverse legislation, and is exceedingly popular in France down to the present day. The law of civilized nations has, however, always been dead against it. In 1599 the Parliament of Paris went so far as to declare every duellist a rebel to his Majesty; nevertheless, in the first eighteen years of Henri Quatre's reign no fewer than four thousand gentlemen are said to have perished in duels, and Henri himself remarked, when Creyin challenged Don Philip of Savoy, "If I had not been the king I would have been your second." Our ambassador, Lord Herbert, at the court of Louis XIII. wrote home that he hardly ever met a French gentleman of repute who had not either killed his man or meant to do so! and this in spite of laws so severe that the two greatest duellists of the age, the Count de Boutteville and the Marquis de Beuron, were both beheaded, being taken *in flagrante delicto*. Louis XIV. published another severe edict in 1679, and had the courage to enforce it. The practice was checked for a time, but it received a new impulse after the close of the Napoleonic wars.

The dulness of Louis Philippe's reign and the dissoluteness of Louis Napoleon's both fostered duelling. The present "opportunist" republic bids fair to outbid both. You can hardly take up a French newspaper without reading an account of various duels. Like the suicides in Paris, and the railway assaults in England, duels form a regular and much appreciated item of French daily news. It is difficult to think of M. de Girardin's shooting dead poor Armand Carell — the most brilliant young journalist in France — without impatience and disgust, or to read of M. Rochefort's exploit the other day without a smile. The shaking hands in the most cordial way with M. Rochefort, the compliments on his swordsmanship, what time the blood flowed from an ugly wound, inflicted by him as he was mopping his own neck, are all so many little French points (of honor?) which we are sure his challenger, Captain Fournier, was delighted to see noticed in the papers. No doubt every billiard-room and *café* in Paris gloated over the details, and the heroes, Rochefort and Fournier, were duly feted and dined together as soon as their respective wounds were sufficiently healed. Meanwhile John Bull reads the tale and grunts out loud, "The whole thing is a brutal farce and the 'principals' are no better than a couple of asses."